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TALES,

IN VERSE,

AND

Miscellaneous Poems:

DESCRIPTIVE OF

RURAL LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

—— plain his garb and plain his lay.——Hogg.

EDINBURGH:

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1814.

280. o. 268.

TO

EDWARD BOYD, Esq.

OF MERTONHALL,

&c.

THESE PIECES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pieces were chiefly composed as a consolation in the Author's solitary wanderings through the wild and beautiful scenery of his native county. In them he has attempted to delineate such of her pastoral graces as chanced to attract his untutored fancy, and also to draw a sketch of the sentiments and manners of a valuable class of the community, namely, those that surround, in social circle, the farmer's ingle. How far this is accomplished, the public must now determine. He is well aware that the whole would

have required the polish of a more masterly hand, particularly in this meridian of poetry and criticism: He doubts not, however, but that those who are the most capable of judging, will be the readiest to forgive the frailties of the unlettered muse, thoughtlessly straying in the humbler walks of life. Though he does not offer himself to the public at the request of friends, from the vain affectation of reforming the age, nor altogether from the darling wish of poets—the love of fame; yet he is not without a secret hope that the compositions which have sometimes yielded to his own mind a silent pleasure, may prove to others an innocent amusement for a vacant hour; and that congenial spirits, who make no pretensions to a superfine taste, or critical nicety, may sometimes recognize in them a picture of their own feelings, and some rude, but true, sketches of na-

ture. But should he in this be disappointed, like several of his song-smitten brethren, the worst is only to muster up a little patience and resignation, to see some of his youthful dreams, the visionary children of his brain, soberly laid in the cradle of oblivion.

Before taking a final leave, however, the Author is happy to have the pleasure of expressing his grateful acknowledgments to the celebrated Mr Hogg, for his generous and unwearied attention, since the Author came to Edinburgh, where he was almost friendless, and unknown. He also returns his warmest wishes to his very numerous and respectable list of Subscribers, and in particular to friends among his native Braes of Galloway. It has long been a striking feature in the character of his countrymen, that their minds are ever

open to the slightest dawn of genius, and their feeling ready to sympathize with the stranger and unprotected. That they may long retain their unaffected kindness and native simplicity of heart, is the sincere wish of

Their truly grateful,

and humble servant,

W. N.

Queenshill, near Kirkcudbright,
April 15, 1814.

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Tales.

THE COUNTRY LASS:

A TALE.

IN EIGHT PARTS.

PART I.

The Introduction.

In yon ha' house, ayont the fell,
Whar rural peace an' pleasure dwell;
An' waning age, an' wanton youth,
An' modest worth, an' simple truth,
There liv'd a lass, if Fame speak true,
Wi' laughin' een an' cherry mou',
An' sweeter charms than I can paint:
In face an' form without a taint.
Her father's name was John Maclellan—
Douce honest man, he farm'd a mailin';

In youthfu' days wrought for his bread,
Wi' gude blue bonnet on his head,
An' tho' the times began to mend,
His auld acquaintance ay he kend;
Blest wi' a rive o' common sense,
To polish'd life made nae pretence:
Was simply plain in a' his dealins,
Nor wad he step aside for mailins.—
Ne'er pree'd anither but his wife,—
Ne'er heard a law court in his life;
Cou'd tak' his chappin, pay his kain,
But never tippl'd by his lane.
Nor wad his wifie waste his winnin',
But kept a' feat wi' her ain spinnin'—
Held ay the house baith tight an' bien,
An' made their meltiths warm an' clean:
Whan winter nights war dark an' lang,
Could tell her tale or lilt her sang,
'Bout deeds o' weir in former days,
Or lovers dools on Scotlan's braes,
Wi' weirds an' witch'ries aft atween,
An' unco sights that some had seen;
Nor was she backward or unheedfu'
To ken or tell o' things mair needfu'—

Had read the Unconverted's Call,
An' learnt hail loof-breads o' St Paul,
Wi' sic like learnin' as was common
For ony couthy countra woman.
But wha can read the buik o' fate?
Although his sonsie helpmate Kate
Was ay the apple o' his e'e,
An' mony a bonny bairn had she:
Tho' fickle Fortune brought them gain,
I wot they war'nae free frae pain:
For death, the terror o' us a',
That thins the cot an' weeds the ha',
Stauk'd furth wi' a' his darts an' scythes,
In shape o' measles, kinks, an' hives,
Till only ane their care did claim,
An' bonny Betty was her name.
Ere saxteen simmers o'er her flew,
She cou'd baith card an' spin the woo,
Row up the fleeces at the clippin',
An' had the milkness a' in keepin'—
Could knit an' sew, an' a' sic wark,
As dress her father's Sunday sark,
Crimp up ilk ruffle, frill an' border,
An' set the tea-cups a' in order;

An' maxims mony mae were taught her,
That ilka mither shaws her daughter:
Was kind and blythesome wi' her kin,
Or ony neibour that cam in;
For chapman chiel or beggar body,
Her weel wal'd word was ay fou ready,
Till a', baith far an' near, confest,
She was the bonniest an' the best.
Now, as sic lasses are aft scant,
O' sweethearts routh she didnae want:
Sic beauty, an' the name o' siller,
Gart wooers flock like wil'-geese till her.

PART II.

The Farmer's Son.

The first a farmer's eldest sin;
Was beef without, but blank within:
On market Monday's sauld a stirk,
On Sunday closely kept the kirk,
Wi' pious zeal, an' future views,
To wale a wife, an' catch the news.

I wat a pleugh he weel could tune,
An' trim his graith, an' mend his shoon:
Could shear a point baith fast an' slaw,
An' thresh, an' dike, an' ditch, an' maw;
But then his een an' thoughts were blind
To beauties o' the heart an' mind.
It ne'er cross'd his brain the smallest
If Rome or Glasco' town was aul'est,
Was E'nbro' 'yont or 'nist the Forth,
If France lay east, or west, or north:
Unmov'd, "The Waes o' War" he'd hear,
Nor piteous tale cou'd draw a tear:
In vain the spring her flow'rets spread,
Thoughtless, he'd on the daisie tread;
In vain the wee burds happ'd and sang
The buddin' hazle bank alang;
Or lam'kins roun' him skipt an' play'd,
While ewies for their younglin's maed:
Sic sights nae pleasure brought ava—
Only, if every ewe had twa,
If grass wad gar the outlers sell,
An' how the braird look'd on the hill.
At vulgar jest or smutty sang,
His vacant laugh was loud an' lang:

Proud, without prudence, wit, or wealth,
His only property was health.—
He saw at least ae specious charm—
The lassie's gear wad stock a farm;
An' tho' his hopes did highly shore him,
'Twas but sma' kindness she had for him.
It chanced ae morning mirk wi' mist,
He saw young Betty ere she wist,
Ca'in' the ewes wi' cannie care,
That war a' scattered here an' there:
Off ilka blade the dew-drop flang,
As light she thro' the clover sprang.
A hunder beauties flush'd her cheek,
Her risin' bosom seem'd to speak:
The napkin loos'd, wi' ease he saw
The bonniest keams o' new-fan snaw.
'Twas then that love play'd him a shavie,
An' strak his dart in donsie Davie.—
Her coats war kiltet to the knee,
An' shaw'd, right shapely, to the e'e,
A leg sae han'some, feat an' clean—
She leuk'd like ony fairy queen.
But what made him sae simply sober,
To see the lass amang the clover,

An' gart his heart ay thump and pat,
Tho' neither fley'd, nor cauld, nor wat,
An' start behint a buss an' cour,
Tho' he had seen the lass afore,
An' silent lie, like ony maukin',
Wha ne'er afore was fear'd for takin',
Till ewe an' lam' had left the lair,
An' she was hame an' he was there?

Niest time was at a countra waddin',
Whan baith war present at the beddin';
On bride-cakes sweet they chow'd the cud,
The drink gaed roun' in merry mood,
Wiss'd routh o' bairns an' happy days,
An' pour'd libations 'mang the claes:
The left leg hoe they now prepare,
An' circle roun', wi' anxious care,
To see wha fortune wad decide
To be the niest bridegroom and bride:—
When, lo! the die of fate was cast,
An' lightet saft on Betty's breast:—
The shouts o' laughter roun' were spread;
She stept aside, but naething said;
While Davie thought the time's at hand
That he maun either fa' or stand.—

O Happiness, ye wily jade,
That mak's baith poor an' rich sae mad,
An' tow'ring genius dull an' doited,
An' sober sages capernoited,
Wha anxious search, but canna get ye,
While ye sit still an' never fret ye:
Tho' aft your secret dens an' haunts,
Are fund by fouks wha are nae saunts;
By rhymin' second-sighted skill,
I've fund the mansion whar ye dwell;
At least whar you an' I hae met,
For 'deed ye're seldom sicker set.—
'Tis whan the piper's martial lay
Sweeps o'er some Highland wild strathspay;
Whar sprightly flickering dance is seen,
An' lightly flows the tartan sheen;
A reekin' bowl, or Highlan' gill,
The ready rhino at our will;
A frien' at han', wi' wit an' glee,
The lass we like best on our knee:
Wha winna be content wi' this,
Is ill to please o' warldly bliss.
Yet still our wooer wasna happy,
Tho' fully ha'f an' ha'f wi' nappy;

Tho' hale an' fair, an' routh o' rents,
Like Adam, still he had his wants,
When, 'las, he kentna whar to gang;
But Davie saw his help at han'.
Right blyth he sat by her, I ween,
But ithers soon thrust in atween,
An' if she on them deign'd to look,
He thought it something frae him teuk;
For envy catch'd him in her thrall,
An' turned his sweetest joys to gall.
But whisky ay gars courage come,
Dispels ilk doubt, ilk fear, an' gloom;
For first ae service, than anither,
His courage syne began to gather;
He e'ed his boots, an' thought them braw,
Then a' his fears he flung awa;
He bow'd—she smil'd, an' raise to reel—
An' few could play their part sae weel.—
Her lint-white locks were belted roun',
Save curls that play'd her e'e aboon,
Where Cupid was in ambush laid,
An' mony a wily trick he play'd:
Her shapely neck, o' fairest hue,
Was grac'd wi' garnets gilt an' blue;

But vain wad Art her gumflow'rs shaw,
Whar Nature's lilies rival snaw.
He gaz'd, he viewed her o'er an' o'er,
Nor lap he ere sae light afore,
Syne pou'd her doun upo' his knee—
O, what a happy man was he!
He hoasts for breath, but naething said,
His han' upo' her shouther laid.
His hopes were high, his heart was fain,
He dights his brow an' hoasts again:
Yet still in art o' wooing slack,
At length she gloomy silence brak:
"How's a' your fouk at hame?" quo' she;
"They're middling weel," again quo' he:
"To set ye hame I wad be fain;
I'se warrant ye'll no gang ye'er lane.
I saw ye brawlie whan ye cam
Out owre the muir wi' gard'ner Tam:
As soon as ye cam to the brow,
I lookit lang an' thought 'twas you;
Our young cowt gov'd, I gae'm a whack,
He pranced, an' syne the back-rape brak.
When I was tackin't up thegither,
He ate the brecham aff the ither:

For he's sae fou o' prank an' tricks,
An' jumps, an' flings, an' snores, an' kicks:
Yet tho' he's ill an' ill aneugh,
I ne'er saw onie in a pleugh,
When rivin' thro' yon bent an' heather,
That I wad gie the tane for t'ither;
But tho' I say't that soudna tell,
Nane e'er dare work wi'm but mysel'.
My mither o' him dreads ay skaith,
An' says he'll some day be my death;
An' ance he hurt my shin right sair,"—
Thinks Bess, ye'll mak' a bonny pair!
So up she gat an' tripp'd her ways,
An' left the laddie in amaze;
Nae langer cou'd she thole his blether,
But slip't hame cannie wi' her father:
He ne'er again, at kirk or fair,
Durst ever wi' her taigle mair.

PART III.

The Kirkless Priest.

THE niest was o' the black coat tribe,
Wi' sturdy limbs and shouthers wide;
Uninfluenc'd by cauldrife Saturn,
Had lang been gapin' for a patron;
Yet somehow ne'er the nail cou'd hit,
But mist it ay just at the bit:
Whether the age had swarm'd wi' teachers,
Or men war thowless grown 'bout preachers;
Or sense was scorn'd while clubs had chances,
Or priests war plentier grown than manses,
Or if the laddie wanted merit,
Or savour'd mair o' flesh than spirit;
Or gin they're a' like ither men—
Its mair I'm sure than I can ken.
But wha can hae a mind sae mirk,
Altho' his rev'rence gat nae kirk,

To think that he shou'd jog thro' life,
Without the pleasures o' a wife;
Or, like a celibastic Roman,
Forswear the joys o' lovely woman!
A nei'bour's bairn was he, I ween,
An' at the college aft had been;
Had learnt to trim his beard wi' grace,
Wi' whiskers hauf-gate o'er his face;
Could speak an' spell, wi' modish skill,
An' broach the doctrine o' "free will;"
Put on his claes wi' meikle pain,
An' brush them clean o' stour and stain;
Name kittle words, as smooth as satin,
An' shaw how they war born frae Latin;
Whyte whalebone busks for ladies dink,
An' wrote love-letters without ink:
Right sharp the vulgar's fau'ts discernin',
An' saw the benefits o' learnin';
Could mak' a bow, or shak' a paw
Wi' ony gentle o' them a'.

Whan dark December's days were short,
He sometimes try'd the shooting sport.
Now, as John's groun' was thinly dyket,
An' had the muirfowl that he liket,

Wou'd aft come in, an' tak' a seat,
To see the lass, an' crack wi' Kate;
Or gi'e the present o' a hare;—
For he was ay made welcome there,
To what the house cou'd e'er afford
O' coal, or yill, or bed or board.
Syne she wou'd spier gif he cou'd tell
What age was Adam whan he fell?
Whether the serpent flew or gaed?
If Abel's wound was on his head?
Gif Cain's mark was warl' like?
Wha biggit Paradise yard dike?
Wha it was first that span a sark?
Gif Aaron's rod was peel'd o' bark?
If circumcision hurt ane sair?
What was the weight o' Abs'lom's hair?—
Wi' mony mae, o' sic like kin',
Might puzzl't mony a learnt divine,
Wer'tna that Stackhouse, by his study,
Has made them plat and plain already.
When for sic kindness, in return,
He'd aft invite them owre the burn,
An' fell twa burds whyles wi' ae stane—
Said grace, and saw young Betty hame.

Whan times wou'd answer, now and than,
He'd tak' her kin'ly by the haun',
Say, not a lady he did know,
A haun' sae saft or fair cou'd show;
Then kiss't, and clasp it to his breast,
An' say he wou'd be truly blest,
The too much favour'd, happy man,
Wou'd get that heart, as weel's the haun':
While she wou'd, laughin', push him aft,
An' say, I'm sure the man's gane daft.

When last frae E'nbrugh he came hame,
He brought her a braw muntit kame,
A box, a broach, a gowden pin,
An' learnt her how to put them in;
Then shaw'd her fashion's newest rig,
An' how to crisp an' curl a wig—
Wi' meikle mair, ye needna doubt,
A countra lass kend nought about;
Till thro' the countra, kirk, and clachan,
She turn'd the tap and ton o' fashion.

But ance, when gloamin' shed her rays,
As they came owre the breckan braes—
The auld fouks now war out o' sight,
The sun was sunk ayont the height,—

His arms he laid around her waist,
An' ay he close, an' closer prest.
" My dear Eliza ! love," he said,
" My only angel ! heav'nly maid !
Come, sit thee down, till I explain
The causes o' my grief an' pain.
With ardent fires my breast doth burn,
It's a' for your sweet sake I mourn.
O let me clasp thee in my arms,
An bless me wi' thy heaven o' charms."
Syne said, his heart was in a low ;
He spak o' darts, and Cupid's bow :
Niest ca'd her Venus, Heb', an' Iris,
An' names that stunn'd her wi' their queerness ;
Till, by some motions o' his haund,
She better cam to understand.
" 'Tis love," says he, " mak's me sae free ;
I hope, my soul, ye will forgi'e."
" These hopes shall ne'er be realis'd !"
Quo' Bet, offended and surpris'd.—
" Is that your scripture, an' your readin',
Your E'nbrugh tricks, and college breedin' ?"
Yet still he held her in his grip,
An wasna willin' to let slip :

Says, " Haud your tongue, Bess, for my blessin',
David, ye ken, was gi'en to kissin'."
When lo! a bark came frae the hill,
An' syne a whistle, loud and shrill,—
Twas shepherd Sandy, wi' his doggie,
Cam skelpin' down the glen sae scroggie;
His plaid outowre his shouther flung,
While wi' his notes the echoes rung.
Right fain was she the tyke to see:
The fribble down upo' his knee;
Nae langer parley did he claim,
But let her gae, and slippet hame;
Nor was he hurried to come back,
Wi' Kate or her to get a crack.
Oh! luckless, perverse, nameless failin',
Tacket to ev'ry rank an' callin',
To a' capacities thy lessons
Are fitted up, an' a' professions;
Alike thy baleful influence clings
To cobler's stalls an' courts o' kings;
Thou lead'st the righteous aft astray,
The virgin green and maiden gray,
Till scarce a lifetime can atone
For what some thoughtless moment's done:

But if thou mean'st ere to do right,
Or I've found favour in thy sight,
Oh! never saw thy wil'-kail seed
Near by the poet's houseless head,
Or let his dreams ken aught about ye,
For, 'las, he's fraiks anew without ye.

PART IV.

Sandy the Shepherd.

Now Sandy was a clever chiel',
An' could baith read an' write fu' weel;
Had thoughts on things baith in an' out—
Kent mair than ony herd about;
At sic like wark as he profest,
Was never hin'most, if no best.
He ance a day could dance an' sing,
An' on the pipes play mony a spring;
But love, the bane o' high an' low,
That shoots the shepherd an' the beau,
Had hurt his peace, but men't his pen,
Altho' he ne'er let ony ken:

For Poverty, wi' iron claw,
That cauldrife rook that paiks us a',
Had chill'd his hopes an' dimm'd his views:
He for a helpmate woo'd the muse.
He aft wou'd sing his lassie's praise,
Wi' a' his native burns an' braes,
An' link them up in rustic rhyme,
To answer his loud chaunter's time:
Nature, through a' her varied hue,
To him had ever charms anew:
Or sing, in rude an' bolder lays,
Some follies o' our modern days.
But where the social band was met,
He ne'er was seen to gloom or fret;
'Twas there he herry't pleasure's nest,
An' coup'd his cap up wi' the best,
Till, saft and clear, like morning dew,
The flights o' wit an' humour flew.
Or if a frien' did stan' in need
O' help by either word or deed,
He ne'er was sweer a han' to len',
An' deem'd it siller's noblest en':
That gart himsel' whiles be neglecked,
An' by the warldly disrespecked.

But Betty whiles wou'd guess a part,—
For love by looks can judge the heart.
They baith were bairns brought up thegither,
An' ay were unco pack wi' ither.
When at the school he took her han',
Or cleant her claes if she had faun;
An' wi' his plaid wou'd screen the show'r,
Ere love to plague had catch'd the pow'r.
When she to milk the ewes had gane,
He cam an' bure the leglen hame;
Or at the bught she ne'er thought lang,
While he tauld o'er some tale or sang;
An' lent her buiks to read at leisure,
Syne tauk'd them o'er wi' meikle pleasure,
Till words an' thoughts begat a kinship
O' ties mair tender far than frien'ship.
But Kate saw soon, wi' wylie e'e,
An' thought that sic things shoudna be;
Their bairn ta'en up wi' a herd laddie,
An' cootlan by their lanes already;
So she was now kept close within;
Her mither ay had tow to spin,
Till love an' learnin', a' gaed way.
At the niest term, ne'er ask'd to stay,

He hir'd him wi' a neibour man,
An' saw but Betty now an' than.—
Sae it was a' but fair an' right,
That he shou'd see her hame that night.—
Jocosely spier'd whare she had been,
That she was gawn sae late at e'en;
An' how the priest had chanc'd to turn
Afore he saw her owre the burn?
She hid her face, an' try'd to laugh,
An' said "she hadna been far aff.
Ye see that he has ta'en the rue,
But gif he's gane, I've gotten you."
"But than," quo' he, "I'm no sae sonsie
To haud away the wights unchancie;
For fient a fay durst e'er appear
Sae lang as he was gaun you near.
Yet, rather than ye gang ye'er lane,
I'll do my best to see ye hame.
But, bless me, Betty, gi'es ye'er haun',
Ye leuk as ye cou'd hardly stan';
There's surely something wrang or ither,
Ye ne'er let ae sab wait anither."
Kin'ly her haun' an arm she gaed:
Awa they slipt but naething said.

Yet, in that silent situation,
For what wou'd he ha'e chang'd his station?
Right fain wou'd she ha'e tellt him a',
Yet something ay within said na.
The heart was fou, 'twou'd fain been out,
But coudna light on words to suit,—
Till mem'ry stept across the min',
An' wak'd the days o' auld lang syne.
The hawthorn yet stood on the brae
That shielt them mony a simmer day;
Whare the slee pyat wont to hap,
The lanely cushet cooin' sat:
Their seats an' houses, rear'd wi' care,
The stanes lay scatter'd here an' there;
An' saughtrees, planted by his han',
Wav'd high their taps, an' hid the stran'.
What various thoughts the min' pourtray'd,—
His cheek to her's he saftly laid,
While sympathy, wi' simple haud,
Forgat that modesty forbade.
E'en waefu' Ken, with gratefu' e'e,
Wad lick her haun', an' whisk her knee,
Till she wad straik an' clap his head,
Then joyfu' on the way he'd lead.

" O Bess, thir scenes are dear to me,
But doubly sae whan blest wi' thee;—
Dear as when hope the mind employs,
To picture scenes o' future joys:
Tho' simmer has withdrawn his beams,
They're aften present in my dreams,
Wi' a' the flow'ry birth o' May,
When we, like them, were young an' gay.
Ilk hill an' dale, an' buss, an' green,
Whispers how happy we ha'e been;
I fear they'll ne'er return again,—
An' pleasure past but heightens pain:
As wint'ry calms, in mildest form,
Prove aft the prelude to a storm.
When ye war near I ay was glad,
An' seem'd to see you aft, when fled:
As music through the ears does thrill,
Tho' ceas'd, we seem to hear it still.
I kentna then, as I ken now,
What ill the want o' wealth cou'd do:
Or, if for't e'er my heart did ake,
'Twas only, truly, for thy sake;
Me, fondest fancy whyles wou'd move,
To picture a' the joys o' love:

Till then, my wishes cou'd explain,
An' some day wou'd be a' my ain:
Then a' my fears to air wou'd gang—
Now tell me, was I right or wrang?"
" It's no for me," quo' she, " to say
What may be done some ither day:
Nor can I weel, e'en now, define
The thoughts, when young, that cross'd my min';
But this I ken, as weels yoursel',
That some gang daft whan they hear tell;
An' mair particularly my mither,
Whene'er she kens that we're thegither.
On marriage I'm no fully bent,
Nor do I yet ken their intent;
But soon as I can guess their views
I'll sen' you twa lines o' the news;
Ye needna doubt—I'll no forget—
But, see! we're maist come to the yett;
Ye'd better turn."—Quo' he, " Ye'll mind:"
So kiss'd, sheuk han's an' parted kind;
While back he scour'd out owre the bent,
An' thought his journey no ill spent.
The paetrick whirr'd alang the ley,
The pliver whistl'd o'er the fey,

The bleater cours'd aboon the bog,
Up the glens crap the lazy fog;
The saft win' shook the withrin' grass:
But Nature, in her hamely dress,
Wi' her habiliments laid by,
Can please us, whan the hopes are high.
Amang his mountains, bleak an' bare,
He hugs himsel' wi' hamely fare,
An' sleeps as soun' 'tween earthen wa's,
As lords within their lofty ha's.

PART V.

The Wylie Merchant.

But ah! there was a merchant loun,
That liv'd in the niest borough town,
A wylie, spruce, an' nipping blade,
Wha made the penny ay his trade,
An' play'd upo' the countra foibles,
Or sooth'd the lasses up wi' baubles;

To ev'ry creed he tun'd his strain,
An' sauld his music ay for gain;
Had aft the art, whare'er he went,
To mak' fouk wi' themsel's content:
This gart them aft his fauts forget;
For flattery's ay a sicker bait.
Wi' three ha'f-crowns, he wan at herding,
He toil'd till he had got a birden
O' coats an' gowns, an' corduroys,
An' lace, an' gauze, an' ither toys;
Nor after that was he mair slack,
But gat a beast to bear his pack.
At John's he'd stay baith weeks an' days,
An' clash wi' Kate, an' sell them claes,
An' whyles upo' the trump wou'd play,
Or sing the dools o' Duncan Gray;
Or gi'e to Bet, tho' she was sma',
A screed o' lace, to mak' her braw;
An' aften to himsel' wad hum—
"Thy tocher will do good to some."
A throwgaun, rattlin', merry chiel',
An' fouk a' thought him doin' weel;
'Till a' at ance, he made a stop,
But after soon set up a shop.

Whan Betty chanc'd to gang to fair,
To buy some braws, or sell her ware,
Altho' the shop was e'er sae prest,
He'd speir for her, an a' the rest;
Wou'd rub his haun's, her chin wou'd pat,
Say, " Love, an' dear, an' bonny Bet,
Do ye no want a braw new gown,
A muslin mantle, or a crown?
John, show these shawls an' sarsnets, quick,
That came frae Lon'on the last week.
Now, I can tell you, without flatt'rin',
Baith for the cheapness an' the pattren,
They're most astonishing to see;
But leuk yoursel', an' heedna me.
I'll mak' them——but ye needna tell;
Nane gets sae low, love, but yoursel'."
Then wad he kindly lead her ben,
An' seat her in the parlour en',
Where tea an' trock'ry a' war ready,
That weel might sair'd the brawest lady.
A Roman urn, wi' siller labs,
An' China ware, wi' giltet gabs.
" But sic a change was never seen;
Bless me, ye're turn't a strappin' quean,

Sin' I stay'd at your father's house;
He was an honest man, and douce!
An' than, sae fluently 's ye speak,
An' sic a blossom's on your cheek;
Tho' our town nymphs be trig and braw,
Shame fa' me but ye ding them a'.
I'm sure the lads are rinnin' monie,
For you, sae rich, an' braw, an' bonny.
Wha saw your craft about the gloamin',
Wad see them thick an' thrang a-roamin'."
A' this he said. Then she again—
" O sir, ye're surely makin' game;
Or think ye I can a' believe
What ye in compliment me give?
But, Mr Din, if ane might speir,
Ye've ha'en a house this mony a year,
Wi' a' things fit to comfort life—
How live ye thus without a wife?"
" I own," quo' he, " in this I'm wrang;
But than the warl' held me thrang;
An', ere that I can get gear wi' me,
The fient a ane, I fear, will hae me.
Ye see I've near lost mark o' mouth,
An' lasses ay are fond o' youth:

But tell me truly, now, cou'd ye
Be happy wi' the like o' me?
In this, dear Bet, I am not mockin',
Tho' whyles I ha'e a gate o' jokin'.
O! what a pleasure I wad ha'e,
To keep you like a lady gay."—
But here the 'prentice in did pop,
An' o' the di'logue made a stop.
So she gaed hame, while it was light,
An' dreamt on ribbons a' the night:
For fashion's freaks sae fill'd her head,
She soon forgat her shepherd lad;
Or, if she min't him sin' that night,
She saw him in a different light.—
A decent lad, an' gi'en to readin',
But than has neither house nor haudin';
An' then my mither's peace 'twou'd kill;
Bairns ay shou'd do their parents' will.
They maistly ay do weel does that—
Weel fouks in towns live trig an' neat,
An' some do say, if poortith come,
That love, like reek, flies up the lum.
Thus by the dint o' soun'est reason,
She faun' her former passion treason.—

Let doatin' fools say what they will,
A woman will be woman still.
But in the morning whan she raise,
She show'd them a' her braw new claes,
An' tauld auld Kate, she never saw
The merchant ha'e a shop sae braw.
" Frae Lon'on now his goods he brings;
I'm sure he sells a' unco things.
The factor's wife, wi' young Miss Grace,
Were there, an' bought a new pelisse,
A' trimm'd wi' gimp o' velvet green,
The prettiest thing that e'er was seen.
The fouk say, a' the countra roun',
He sells the cheapest i' the town;—
An' than, he's ay sae frank an' free;
Yestreen he gart me stay to tea,
An' show'd me a', before we stentit,
Out thro' the house;—it's newly pentit;
An' meikle mair than I can name,
O' furniture that's new come hame;
Syne tret me to a glass o' gin,
An' wonder'd that ye ne'er came in."
" Guid sooth," quo' Kate, " lass, I'll be bun'
To lay a plack, forgain a pun',

He's on you thrown a wylie e'e:
For weel I min', whan ye war wee,
He'd please you aft whan I was thrang,
An' sing you monie a merry sang,
An' bring you fairin's frae the fair,
An' speak about ye'er bonnie hair.
Altho' the town's fouk, wi' their havers,
About him raise sic lies an' clavers,
The fient a civiler chiel there's in't:
Fouk ay shou'd roose the foord's they fin't."
To please auld John, too, he had skill,
Wi' routh o' cracks an' routh o' yill,
"How the last Parli'ment that sat
Was busi'd wi' the Lord knows what,
O' kirk an' state an' dark petitions,
An' souderin', mighty coalitions;
What WELLINGTON had done in Spain;
How foreign war keeps up the grain:
That tax an' tithes were now nae play,
An' land was risin' ev'ry day;
How the rude Russians, frae the woods,
Had sous'd poor Boney i' the suds,
An' cow'd his garments by his wame,
An' shav'd his beard an' sent him hame,

An' rais'd a dearth 'mang Paris barbers;
How Britain shor'd to block his harbours:
But some said whan it cam a thow,
They fear'd again his beard wad grow,
An' learn the Cossacks a new fling,
An' cowe their whiskers 'gain the spring:
How Yankee's sons, wi' wicked speed,
Wi' Madison at their board head,
Had led our brigs an' boats a dance,
An' ta'en their trade awa' to France:
How, gif the Papist bill wou'd pass,
'Twou'd bring the nation to distress;
Soun' orthodox it would inthrall,
An' fill their seats wi' sons o' Baal:
For Satan an' the Man o' Sin
Need nought but their wee finger in,
An' Gibeon's sons, wi' a' their clatter,
Shou'd hew the wood an' draw the water."—
Auld John gaes hame, an' thought an' said,
Weel, yon chiel' has an unco head.
So a' bowls now row'd square an' right,
The auld fouks saw their prospects bright.
While Betty's heart was blythe and gay,
The merchant cam ae King's fast-day:

They a' a kin'ly welcome gae'm,
An' treat him weel wi' curds and cream;
When in return fou kin' was he,
He fetch'd auld Kate a poun' o' tea:
They crack'd owre a' the news in town,
An' pree'd a drap to synd them down;
Syne tauld his erran' plat and plain,
An' saw it wasna that ill ta'en.
Betty leuk'd down an' held her tongue;
Her mither doubted she was young,
An' aiblins whiles might act amiss,
In managin' a house like his.
" Indeed," quo' John, " I canna tell,
I wish'd her ay to please hersel';
An' whar she liked best to gang,
Unless 'twere a' the farer wrang;
Its nae faut they that bear the load
Shou'd hae the choosing o' the road;
An' they wha clim' the slipp'ry tree,
Shou'd pluck the fruits that please the e'e.
The great respect to her ye've paid,
Sud surely aye be duly weigh'd:
What say ye, dochter, speak out plain
Your answer to the gentleman?"

She tarry'd lang, as in a swither,
Then sought a fortnight to consider;
While he, contentit, slippet hame,
For, 'las! his fire edge was gane.

PART VI.

The Luckless Errant.

But by some how it soon cam' out,
An' nei'bours tauk't o't roun' about,
An' thro' the countra flew ding dang,
That thae twa wou'd be wed ere lang;
Whan some, nae doubt, thro' frien'ly views,
Tauld Sandy the unwelcome news,
Whilk sic a stoun' sent to his breast
As some ha'e foun' but few exprest.
Ha'e ye no seen the tow'ring pine
Spread out its arms to western win',
Or bathe its bud in April dews,
While wild birds warble thro' its boughs,

Till loud the northren blasts are borne,
Its foliage thinn'd, its branches torn?
Or ha'e ye seen the parent mild,
Bow o'er his sickly only child,
While silent griefs his bosom wound,
Unmindful of his friends around?—
So stood he, like a statue dumb,
While croudin' thoughts his min' o'ercome;
Or, if a gleam stept 'cross his min'
O' days when she was true an' kin',
Then wicked mem'ry, ne'er asleep,
That brings the sour as weel's the sweet,
Brought to his mind anither matter—
How she had never sent the letter;
Or when he saw her e'er sinsyne,
To be their lanes did ne'er incline.
Now what tho' simmer roun' did bloom,
An' breezes bore the saft perfume;
The birken bank or blushin' flow'r
To please him now had lost their pow'r:
The bird that charm'd him in the spring
Was now an idle chitterin' thing;
The burnie singin' owre the linn
But stunn'd an' deav'd him wi' its din:

His mind, retirin', shunn'd ilk joy,
Like sickly virgin pale and coy:
Even a' the pleasures life cou'd gi'e
He view'd them wi' a jaundic'd e'e.
To ease his mind frae doubts an' dread,
An' see gif a' was true was said,
At midnight hour, wi' grief opprest,
When thoughtless sauls were at their rest,
He stauk'd awa' thro' win' an' rain,
An' sought her door wi' meikle pain,
There at the window peepit in,
But a' was still an' dark within:
His bane, his bliss, his a' was there;
His hopes were dull, his heart was sair;
Each wonted signal now he tries,
He chaps, he whispers, hoasts, and cries,
"Oh! are ye sleepin', Betty dear?"
Yet she lay still and doughtna hear;
But the unchancie curs within
Soon heard, an' made a gowlin' din;
Till Kate wauk'd, wi' an unco fike,
Cries "What's ado! the dog's gane gyte!
The Lord look till us an' our wean,
For something surely ca'd her name;

Like a wil' skreich borne on the wind,
An' thrice it duntit on the grund:
Wi' sic a soun' my lugs were stown'd
The night afore Jean Tamson drown'd.—
John, did ye hear that voice sae deep?"
"Hout, I heard nought—lie still, an' sleep."
His proud heart dunted back wi' grief,
To be thus cow'ring, like a thief,
A' chill'd wi' cauld, and wet wi' rain,
For ane that felt nae for his pain.
His patience cou'd nae langer thole;
He stapt twa lines thro' the key-hole.
The east win' blew, wi' hailstanes keen;
The lightning gleam'd the blasts between:
His road lay owre a dreary muir,
An' by a castle's haunted tow'r,
Whar howlets scream'd wi' eerie din,
Till vaults re-echo'd a' within.
The spate spew'd owre ilk burn and sleugh,
The tod scream't eldritch frae the cleugh;
Auld Dee spread wide his darken'd waves,
An' roar'd amang his rocky caves;
The moon and stars their light withdrew,
An' hid their heads frae human view.

As daund'rin' slaw, he stauk'd his lane,
A' weary'd, wan, and wae-be-gane,
His fondest fairy dreams were fled—
He sigh'd, an' wish'd him wi' the dead.
O! thou dread, wylie, wicked pest,
That laughs at poverty distrest,
Wham sighs an' sorrows seldom move,
Art thou the gentle power of Love?
Mild is thy visage, gay an' young,
Thy voice like fabl'd syrens song;
Soft is thy dalliance for an hour,
Ere yet equipt with all thy power:
But where, with scepter'd power thou reigns,
Thou bind'st thy subjects up in chains:—
Chains stronger far than bands o' brass,
Then leaves them, raving in distress.
But whan the ruddy streaks o' dawn
Had spread their light owre lough an' lawn,
Up sprang the lark, on early wing,
An' wauk'd his field-mates roun', to sing;
Whan Kate, ay eident for their weal,
Gat up, an' maist fell owre the wheel:
Her brats she on her bouk was drawin',
Afore the cock had ceas'd frae crawin':

Then to the hallan graips her way,
An' leuks the lift, to judge the day.
But, Sandy, ye was war than mad,
To shoot your sonnets sic a road:
For, comin' near the water-kit,
She sees some white thing at her fit,
As back she owre the threshold treadit—
But, praise be blest!—she cou'dna read it.
First thought it was a J—nie N—p—r,
Then deem'd it Betty's curlin' paper;
Flang't in the bole behint the lum,
Rakes down the coals, an' lights her gun.
But breakfast done, an' readin' by,
The men t' hill, and Kate t' kye,
When Betty, busied at her wheel,
An' lilting owre Lord Moira's reel,
Hard by the boal had ta'en her stan',
She sees the scrawl, an' kens the haun'.
The paper trembled as she read,
An' ay her colour came an' gade:—
" Thou fause, tho' fairest o' thy kind,
" That wounds my peace, and racks my mind,
" Can'st thou thy Sandy's heart disdain,
" An' slight his love for sordid gain;

" That ance his fondest hopes wou'd cheer,
" An' bless him with thy presence dear?
" I fain wad seen thee by thysel',
" To tak' the lang and last farewell,
" Afore that waefu' knot be ty'd,
" That bin's thee for anither's bride,
" An' leads thee, blushin' in thy charms,
" Into a happy rival's arms.
" Far be't frae me, that I dissuade,
" Or blame you for the choice ye've made:
" But had ye been content to gi'e
" Your haun' thro' life, and luck wi' me,
" For you ilk care and cross I'd meet,
" An' toil'd thro' winter's win' and weet;
" Nor shou'd it e'er been warldly gain,
" I think, shou'd cost you grief or pain.
" But Fate sic favours doughtna deign;
" Alas! ye never can be mine.
" Adieu; an' may ye happy be,
" As e'er I thought to've been wi' thee."
She wi' amazement on't did stare,
An' wonder'd how it cou'd come there;
Stunn'd and confus'd her senses seem,
Like ane new waken'd frae a dream.

PART VII.

The Beggar Bodie.

But soon cam in, an' stapt her study,
A silly, faichless, beggar bodie.
The tatter'd remnants o' her claes
Look'd like remains o' better days:
Tho' young in years, seem'd auld in grief,
An' faintly sought some sma' relief.
Within her wither'd, weary'd arm
There lay a silly, thrawart bairn,
Wi' cauld an' hunger black and blue,
That seem'd to swap some face she knew.
The waefu' thing began to greet;
She bade her come an' warm its feet;
Then sigh'd, and pity'd sair her lot,
An' ga'e her kail, warm frae the pot.
Then in cam Kate, an' did her e'e,
Says, "Honest woman, whar live ye?

Ha'e ye a man; or is he dead,
That ye've sae early try'd the trade?"
The waefu' bodie hang her head.
" Indeed, guidwife, I've niest to nane,
Altho' I chanc'd to hae this wean.
Some's born to poortith, some to plenty;
Some ne'er doe weel, tho' e'er so tentie.
My fouks a' died whan I was wee,
An' now I'm come to what ye see;
An' a' by a fause merchan' lown,
Lives het an' fou within the town.
He has brought me to muckle shame,
An' hurt my peace, my health, an' name."
Quo' Kate, " Can that be Mister Din?"
" Indeed," quo' she, " the vera ane.
My gutcher, too, now he's awa',
That liv'd within the Rattan Raw—
Ye aiblins kent him—Andro Reid—
He seldom saw the faut I did.
So I got plenty o' my will;—
We liv'd by selling hame-brewn ale.
Rab aft cam' owre at gloamin's e'e,
To tak a drap, an' crack wi' me.
He soon turn'd mair than common kind;
But I cou'd never bow my mind,

Tho' he wou'd vow an' praise my face,
Till ance the priest had said the grace;
But by his devilish Judas skill
He soon brought a' things to his will:
He said he had some secret en's,
Forbye the ang'rin' o' his frien's;
But for to shaw that he was kin',
An' put a' doubts out o' my min',
He kent a priest that lived near by,
Wha soon our haun's an' hearts wou'd tie;
But I shou'd stay at hame as yet,
Till ance we saw a time mair fit.
Alas! I sawna whar I ran,
Like ithers, fond to get a man;
Owre deep for me the scheme was laid,
I deem't it gospel a' he said;
For what we wish we soon believe,
Which gars me now baith greet an' grieve.
The priest turn'd out—what need I tell,
A masked villain like himsel'.
I o' him now began to doubt,
For he cam' seldomer about;
An' whan I ru'd, an' vow'd, an' grat,
He sooth'd me on wi' this an' that.

We carry'd on a time o' sinnin',
(For evil needs but a beginnin',)
Till, by our frequent bein' thegither,
I fand I soon wou'd be a mither.
Sae whan it cou'd nae mair be hid,
'Twas then I o' my spark got rid;
He shunn'd me now where'er we met,
An' scarce a word I e're cou'd get;
Then whan I gaed to speak to him,
He ay was thrang, or no within.
So now my gutcher I maun tell,
Whan I cou'd hardly gang mysel'.
His time-worn cheek yet paler grew,
The dim red frae his fa'en lip flew;
"Oh! luckless bairn—this for my care"—
He saw my tears, and said nae mair,
But took his staff, awa' he set,
But an unholie welcome gat.
Rab wou'd do nought but curse and swear,
An' ca' me names I ill cou'd bear;
Deny'd our marriage, time, an' place,
An' said he hardly kend my face,
An' wou'd advise us, as a friend,
To gang to some I better kend,

For gif we gae him mair abuse,
He'd tak' us to a bigger house.
We try't the law; the law was vain,
It only brought expence an' pain;
He took it to a higher Court;
We hadna siller to gi'e for't;
A poind was ca'd, we maun remove,
For sayin' things we cou'dna prove.
Feeble, in want an' sair disgrace,
We wistna whar to shaw our face.
My gutcher cheer'd me, said his pray'rs;
But grief brought down his auld grey hairs,
An' ere this wee thing saw the light,
His e'en were clos'd in endless night,
An' left us, at its luckless birth,
Twa waefu' outcasts on the yirth."
  Nae mair she said, wi' grief opprest,
But sighs an' sabs made out the rest.
The bairnie leuk'd wi' piteous e'e,
An' skreech'd, an' wail'd, an' clasp'd her knee.—
So feeble ivy roun' doth clim'
Yon leafless tree hangs o'er the linn.
  "His presence bless us a'!" quo' Kate,
"The creature's in an unco state;

If a' be true that she has said,
He's a debaush'd an' dev'lish blade."
While Betty's wheel ceas'd to gang roun',
She jimply 'scapit frae a swoon;
Her rock turn'd yellow, green, and blue;
She fand hersel' she kentna how;
An' cry'd out loud, " I winna hae him !"
Quo' Kate, " The Lord defend us frae him !
Or ony ane o' sic like kin'
Shou'd ere be boun' to me or mine."
So John was tald o' a' that past;
An' a' took out a full protest.

PART VIII.

The Conclusion.

But the niest week they lost a quey,
Whilk stray'd awa' to Sandy's fey;
Young Betty blythely gaed to get her,
An' he, as joyfu', saw an' met her;
He spak', she smil'd, and leuk'd fu' sweet—
Twa hearts were ne'er so fond to meet;

He clasp'd her in his arms, an' than
He was a truly happy man:
But wha think ye cou'd tell the pow'r,
O' love within that happy hour?
Or how he press'd, an' she was kind—
Let lovers picture't i' their mind,
That feel the favours o' sic blisses,
Tho' naething pass'd but harmless kisses.—
Thus ha'e I seen, in flow'ry spring,
The rose-tree forth her blossoms fling;
Spread her saft fragrance thro' the air,
Near by the lily, bloomin' fair,
Though rudely bent wi' show'ry blast,
Look fairer when the storm was past.
She vow'd, o' gear her frien's sae proud,
Might seek out for her wha they wou'd,
Be't priest, or laird, or limb o' law,
She'd wed wi' him afore them a';
Then bade him come some day, an' see
What way the auld fouk wou'd tak' wi':
An' meikle mair they spak' about;
For lovers' talk runs seldom out.
Whan blinks o' day war partly gane,
They parted blythe, to meet again.

But, proud o' heart, an' damp wi' fear
To face auld Kate, for want o' gear:
'Twas thus he stack 'tween hope an' doubt,
Till time a difference brought about.
Fortune for ance brak' thro' her rules,
Grown weary ay o' fav'rin' fools,
And blest him wi' a lump o' siller,
Tho' he had ne'er made courtship till her.
He had an uncle, without weans,
Liv'd lang amang the sugar canes;
Had sauld his saul' by unfair means,
To win' a fortun' to his frien's:
Sae destitute o' ought was good,
For gowd wou'd sauld his flesh an' blood;
Had gru'some caudrons ever boilin',
An' scores o' slaves aroun' him toilin';
An' aften wou'd himsel' solace
Within their greasy black embrace:
It's a' in taste; but, as they tell,
He ay was whipper-in himsel';
An' gart the lash wi' rigour crack,
Till red sweat started frae their back;
It cur'd his spleen to hear their squeels,
To score their hips, an' clog their heels:

'Twas strange that hell he never fear't,
For nought on yirth comes ha'f sae near't;
But death strak in an' scorch'd his liver,
An' boil'd his brains up in a fever;
So he maun die, and leave them a'
To far-aff frien's he never saw.
Now Sandy was nae langer blate,
But came to visit John and Kate;
While Bess was unco blythe to see him,
An' a' a hearty welcome gi'e him;
Kin'ly for a' his kin they speir;
Says ye're an unco stranger here;
Sae soon an ingle was brought ben,
An' soon they pluckt the hoodet hen;
A claith was spread upo' the board,
An' Sandy's Master'd ev'ry word.
Kate wi' her ain haun' set a chair;
John said a grace like ony pray'r;
Then heaps his plate wi' beef an kail,
An' bids him tak' a hearty meal;
Syne roun' they swill the barley broo.—
O wealth! what is't ye canna do?
Thou get'st us frien's, an' kin', an' mony;
Mak's hamely lasses dear an' bonny;

Opes the blate wooer's steekit mouth;
An' gars the lawyer speak the truth:
Maks wee men great men, mony a time;
Gars poets preach, and *pipers* rhyme;
An' clears up mony a point o' faith:
In short, reverses a' but death.
Thus luck an' love did baith combine
Wi' youth their hearts an haun's to join;
His proffers now were frank an' warm,
Nor did they deem his offers harm.
The Haly Chaunter gat a crown;
A cart was yokit for the town,
To buy the braws they aff did bicker,
Forbye a lade o' laeves an' liquor;
Then at the manse, as they came by,
Bespake Mess John, the knot to tie.
Thus, time, as usual, glade away;
But Sandy thought ilk' hour a day,
Till ance that happy e'en drew near,
To fill his arms wi' a' was dear;
He thank'd his stars an' happy fate,
That blest him wi' his bonnie Bet.
It's no for my weak muse's wing
The joys o' bridal nights to sing,

Nor paint the scenes o' virtuous love,
Whar twa fond hearts in union move.
Yet, tho' she downa weel express't,
There's some, nae doubt, will try to guess't.—
Nor will I tak' in haun' to say
They war quite happy monie a day,
An' ay war full as fond o' ither
As the first day they gaed thegither.
There's nane exempit frae life's cares,
An' few frae some domestic jars;
A' whyles are in, an' whyles are out;
For grief an' joy come time about.
An' they that doubt may try, and see
Whether its them that's right, or me.
But, if content stays here ava,
Ye'd think their chance was no' that sma'.
Now, shou'd some critic snap an' snarl
At this lang tale, without a moral;
Say, I've intruded on his time,
Wi' lengthen'd play o' dogg'rel rhyme,
I freely own, 'twas wrote for pleasin'—
This age is not for moralizin':
For this is law, says Vicar Bray,
To suit yoursel' to present day.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

A TALE.

WHERE yon grey rocks resist the flood
On Scotia's south'ren strand,
I saw, in melancholy mood,
A rustic vet'ran stand.

Silent he gaz'd on sea and shore;
High tower'd the village smoke,
The sun hard on his temples bore,
While thus he silence broke:—

"Here musing o'er the lapse of time,
Since thoughtless childhood play'd,
And ripening manhood's youthful prime
In stately steps had stray'd,

" Imagination fondly roves
Where cares and ills were few,
And pictures all our joys and loves,
And hopes and fears anew.

" The long lost youthful friend we view,
Bedeck'd with heartfelt smiles,
And tenderer ties of love review,
With all her witching wiles.

" 'Tis then we sigh for native plains,
With all their woods and towers;
Where soft content, with lulling strains,
Sings in her fairy bowers.

" With caution now each step we tread,
And trace each haunt with care;
But youth is flown, and friends are fled;
Alas! she dwells not there.

" Tho' fair each streamlet still does flow,
And wider spread the trees;
Yet by some cause they waken woe—
Ceas'd is their power to please!

" A stranger occupies the cot
Where first my being grew,
A rude, unpolish'd, selfish sot,
With all his gaping crew.

" One friend, that sigh'd for fortune large,
To foreign lands has sped;
A dearer left his lonely charge,
And laid him with the dead.

" Thoughts fond and vain the mind employ—
We're borne along the stream;
The bud of life is all a toy,
Its wane a weary dream.

" My first fond love in life's fair morn,
By luckless love undone,
Retiring far from public scorn,
Has rear'd her only son.

" Why left I what my soul held dear,
To sigh in crowds alone?
'Twas siren Hope sung in mine ear,
And, flattering, sooth'd me on.

"Dear Mary, tho' for fame and gold
The battle blade I've borne,
Lo, here I come, more poor, more old,
More wretched and forlorn.

"But shall not we join hand in hand,
Our wayward fate to bear,
And closer bind each former band,
And wipe each falling tear?

"Prosperity may well afford
A beam to glad the breast;
But ne'er could touch the tender chord,
Like mutual love distrest.

"Welcome ye distant hills and heath,
Tho' barren, rude, and bare;
My Mary's smile shall smooth each path,
And sooth the brow of care."

Thus sung the soldier, worn with toil;
His country's shield and spear;
With mingl'd passions mark'd the soil,
Untrod for many a year.

Tho' pointed pebbles on the way
Assail'd his weary feet;
The wild bird carroll'd loud his lay,
And cheer'd him up the steep.

But when the destin'd booth he reach'd,
Where jutting crags were seen,
A silver lake its bosom stretch'd,
And wild woods waving green.

Quick beat his heart with fondest joy,
He gaz'd, he view'd them o'er;
His Mary, by his fav'rite boy,
Sat knitting near the door.

What tho' fleet time with paler hue
Her youthful bloom had foil'd,
Within her eye, of azure blue,
Content and kindness smil'd.

His manly visage soon she knew,
Tho' hack'd in wars alarms,
She rose, she gaz'd, and breathless flew
Into his longing arms.

As wept the father o'er his child,
Whose absence long he mourn'd;
Such joys might angels, undefil'd,
Feel when a soul's return'd.

There did he rest his weary'd frame,
And tell his tales of war;
His boy delights to hear the theme,
And marks each honest scar.

A father's fondest care is us'd,
Each virtue to commend,
Till, by degrees, he now has lost
The father in the friend.

Such are the hopes, the joys of age,
That cheer life's waning ray;
More sure than all that Stoic sage,
And letter'd pride display.

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

A TALE.

THE cold winds of winter did blow,
And hissingly swept o'er the hill;
The sun-beams were sickly and low,
As they tinged yon ice-clotted mill.

'Twas down by the white clifted rock,
Where the bare trees their branches spread wide,
Round its base nipt a poor scanty flock,
There a hoary Old Shepherd I spy'd.

Each feature a sorrow betray'd,
Tho' his looks they betoken'd the sage;
His form like a bulwark decay'd,
And his head was o'er silver'd with age.

Around him a mantle of grey—
'Twas the dye that was worn by his sheep;
At his feet lay his faithful friend, Tray,
His charge that assisted to keep.

His hands they were wither'd and bare,
That tremblingly grasped his crook;
His brow it was furrow'd with care,
While wistful and wildly he spoke.

"What is life but a trifle, a toy?
A something, a nothing, that's gone;
As the shade of the cloud gliding by,
Hope grasps, but the phantom is flown.

"Yet life's morning tasks, ye were sweet;
When the bosom was vacant and gay,
How light was the sound of my feet,
While I tun'd up my pastoral lay!

"Till love from the eyes of my Ann
Beam'd forth and disquieted my mind;
But soon were my sorrows withdrawn,
For my Anna was constant and kind.

" Though our cabin was lonely and low,
Soft peace and content did abound;
Our labours sweet health did bestow,
And our pledges of love were around.

" When apace our young blossoms they grew,
My bosom exulted within,
As the striplings first guided the plough,
And the damsel was learning to spin.

" Then fortune her gifts did unfold,
And spread out her gay gilded train;
My flocks they encreas'd in the fold,
And the vallies wav'd wide with my grain.

" But the follies of fashion and rank,—
The bane of the youthful and fair,—
Our offspring like honey they drank,
And my partner was caught in the snare.

" Now our cooling brick pavement was chang'd
For a cloth that must cover the floor;
In place of our milk-pails arrang'd,
There goblets and vases did tower.

" Our sons saw each race and each fair,
And visits they gave and receiv'd;
'Twas confusion, and bustle, and care;
In our prospects we oft were deceiv'd.

" The tabor beat time at the dance,
And the 'Squire of the manor was there:
He deign'd on our daughter to glance;
For my Phœbe was thoughtless and fair.

" Alas! could I smother the rest!
He proffer'd to make her his bride;
Decoy'd, and then left her distrest:
She sicken'd, repented, and died.

" My fav'rite, the son of my love,
Was bound to a trader in town;
But the youth learn'd to gamble and rove,
Till his health and his virtue were flown.

" Our oldest was haughty and vain;
When he saw that our fortunes decreas'd,
He hied him far over the main,
And left us in sorrow distrest.

" The wound of a parent's fond hope,
My wife to her bosom has laid;
Ere her time does she wither and droop;
And the mind's with the body decay'd.

" I sigh for the friends of my youth;
I look; but behold they are not!
Experience has taught me this truth;
I live, yet am almost forgot.

" Like yon aged oak on the cleft,
With bosom laid bare to each blast,
Whose branches are wither'd and reft,
And lonely, and sapless, and waste.

" Thus lonely, thro' want and thro' cold,
I tend these few sheep on the heath;
No friend to support me, when old,
To close my sad eyelids in death.

" O life! thou art languid to bear!
How cheerless thy prospects I see:
Though Spring shall with blossoms appear,
She never can bud upon me.

"But why should I murmur and sigh
At the life-cheering tints of the Spring?
Though a songster may sicken and die,
Yet another shall carrol and sing.

"Ye fields, ye shall flourish and fade,
With your caves, and your cat'racts so lone;
Some shepherd more gay shall you tread,
When my name on the hills is unknown.

"But it's cruel, ye wealthy and high,
Thus to spill the content of the swain;
And 'tis folly in them, thus to sigh
For the rank they can never maintain."

A TALE OF TERROR.

YESTREEN, as I staw by yon auld ruin'd wa',
Whare heroes lie mould'ring and rotten,
There the chieftain of fame, and the fair peerless dame,
Lie low in their mansion, forgotten.

Below yon grey stanes lie the friar's haly banes,
An' the nuns in yon mould'ring cloister,
That liv'd their chaste lives without husbands or wives,
Wi' pains and wi' pennance right austere.

Now lowly ye rest; but your sauls they are blest;
For honour and truth was your treasure:
An' ye holy few, that, secluded frae view,
Despising each worldly pleasure.

Thus musing I strode o'er the green grassy sod,
An' thought on the frailties o' nature,

How man's like a flower, that's cut down in an hour:
A weak, thoughtless, short-sighted creature.

Midnight came soon, and the pale waning moon
O'er the verge her last shred was declining;
Dark clouds gather'd roun', with a dismal like gloom,
As if spirits o' darkness were joining.

The ominous note frae the raven's hoarse throat,
Was join'd by the far-flying heron;
Through the vaults the wind sang, and the untouch'd bell rang,
Chorus'd up by the owl's screeching clarion.

Loudly the rain lash'd frae the wings o' the blast,
And louder the thunder did bellow;
The light'ning's rude dash o'er the ruins did flash,
While demons of darkness did follow.

When lo! to the west, where the ivy had prest,
Rose the moanings of misery and horror;
The fire-ba's fell, like red bolts shot frae hell,
Spreading fear, devastation, and terror.

When near to yon bust raise twa knights frae the
dust,
Wha's looks teem'd wi' terror and vengeance:
Said, "through fervent zeal we've our souls sent
to hell,
Being of kings and of devils the engines.

"Our arms we have strain'd for what fate ne'er
ordain'd;
For the tomb and yon temple sae bonny,
To clear Jewish parks frae Saracens and Turks,
And become a Jerusalem Johnny.

"Through the fray we have dash'd, till our feet
ha'e been wash'd
Wi' blood o' the innocent Persian;
But never yet deem'd, while their bodies we seam'd,
That we from our duty were swerving.

"In our demon-like grup we have women ript up,
Tho' the child in the womb has been starting;
While the sum of our gains, and reward of our
pains,
Was the gift o' a green or blue garter."

Then niest frae the groun', raise a friar an' a nun,
Twa spectres wi' horrible grinnin';
They wildly accus'd, an' each other abus'd,
For secretly tempting to sinnin'.

"From the rich," says the monk, "I have eat an' have drunk,
An' paid with a Pope's toleration;
I have taught them a lie, for which I now fry,
An' sooth'd o'er their souls to damnation.

"The poor I have rack'd, till their heart-strings have crack'd;
Stain'd their daughters with guilt and infection:
I have lain with men's wives, challeng'd, then ta'en their lives;
And all without dread or detection.

"Made religion a cloak, real piety a joke,
And hatched conspiracy and treason;
And in prosperous days, we made faggots to blaze,
And curb'd every dawning of reason."

"And me," said the nun, "you've for ever undone,
By your lewd and your lawless caresses;
You strangled my child, tho' the innocent smil'd;
And laugh'd at a mother's distresses."

"You lie," said the priest, anger swell'd in his breast,
"Thy child had a convent of fathers;
'Twas far other aims, than confessing your sins,
Made you twine round our bodies like adders.

"Thy dark hollow soul, with hypocrisy foul,
Thou varlet—thou base lying Vandal!
What fiend ever match'd yet false women debauch'd—
You caus'd me, to save you from scandal."

But the morning bell strook, when I backward did look,
To muse on those prospects sae dreary;
There was nought I could view, but the dark waving yew;
Thro' turrets the wind whistl'd eerie.

JOHNNY GILL.

A TALE.

KEN'D ye e'er a social chiel',
A sober lad, that means nane ill;
But Hymen hook'd him in his noose,
An' sour'd content wi' Johnny Gill.

Nane raise mair cheerfu' to their wark,
Peace hover'd round his bosom lang;
Wi' routh o' health his heart was light,
An' blythe he o'er the lee-rig sang.

Wha wi' him a fur cou'd streekit,
Or borne a meal sack to his size?
For thrice he bang'd the miller's man,
An' thrice he won the ploughing prize.

Ruddy was his face, and gracefu',
When first he hired wi' Laird Mane,
But ere the winds o' ware were blawn,
Part o's peace an' health were gane.

Sally Sloan, baith fair an' pauky,
That made the bed, and clean'd the room,
Soon twin'd him o' his manly heart,
An' left poor Jonny's bosom toom.

Gay she spread her curls daily,
Ay she twinkl'd wi' her e'en,
Ay she busk'd her bosom dinkly;
Whyles a taper'd leg was seen.

Soon she saw the lad was dinted,
Weel it suited wi' her plan;
Hadna she her views extended,
To draw in baith laird an' man.

Lang he fear'd his mind to mint it,
Sally seem'd baith proud and braw;
Sae fierce his love was the first fortnight,
Fient a wink he sleept ava.

Sober was the simmer e'enin',
Mildly beam'd the setting sun,
Glist'ning on the cottar's window;
Rowin' reek tower'd frae the lum.

Down a wimpling burnie trotted,
By a smooth an' daisied green;
Here lay sarks, an sheets, an' mutches,
Gowns an' ruffles bleachin' clean.

On its banks a bow'r was bigged,
Theeked o'er wi' birken leaves,
There gloamin' brought the lads and lasses,
Baith to court and watch the thieves.

Happy bow'r that aft has shielded
Blushes o' the bashfu' maid;
Tho' whyles beneath thee ha'e been happed
Nymphs that needed nae sic aid.

Here first Fortune favour'd Johnny
To breathe out his lowin' flame;
A' the lave were soundly sleepin';
Wha were happier now than them?

Lang they talk'd o' lads an' lasses,
Dresses seen at kirk an' fair;
Syne o' courting an' convoying:
Lang ere he durst mention mair.

Sally spak' o' lads being faithless;
How it was an awsome sin;
How she seldom saw them happy,
Matches that hang lang i' win'.

Johnny joined, and syne drew near her;
Need I tell what mair they'd say,
Seeing now the ice was broken,
Hope pav'd out the after way.

Nae doubt sighs, an' vows, an' kisses,
Claps an' squeezes o' the han',
Thaw'd thro' time her snawy bosom;
Wha can sic a siege withstan'?

True it is, they soon were buckl'd—
Soon flew by the hinny moon;
But ere sax months slipped slowly,
Sall brought him a wally son.

Thankless frien's, by nods and whispers,
Wi' strange fancies fill'd his head;
Some said he had preed the dainties
Ere the haly grace was said.

Vex'd and cross'd, yet kendna weel how;
Ay he thought his conscience clear:
Sally's mither saw him swithering,
Whisper'd saftly in his ear,

That the first was seldom sicker—
He maun for a' truth receiv't;
The laird he spak' o' learned causes;
But John himsel' cou'd scarce believ't.

Ance the carlin' kept an alehouse;
Young anes whyles will kiss the cup;
An' daimen wives, when cankers cross them,
Prie't to keep their courage up.

Sally, gay, an' us'd wi' dautin'
By frien's or sweethearts a' her life,
Now fand but few o' nights or days
Her thoughts had pictur'd for a wife.

Johnny's glee has now a sameness,
His hamely fare's no worth a flie;
But weel she lo'ed a tasty nei'bour,
O'er a social cup o' tea.

He toils, while she maun ha'e a servant
To do her drudg'ry out an' in;
Her gentle han's were never made
To wash his ploughman hose, or spin.

His meal or mart were seldom lastin';
Kimmers cam' an' bore't awa';
The beds turn'd bare, an' without bo'sters;
The milk was supped, taps an' a'.

Sall, as bairns turn'd thick an' thicker,
A' her beauties chang'd their hue;
The laird, as nowte grew dear an' dearer,
Turn'd he wou'dna grass the cow.

Meal was dear, an' scant the kitchen;
Bairns were sma' an' ill to rear;
John's locks wore thin, but ay he labour'd,
Hop'd ay better year to year.

Thus he warsles wi' the warld;
Sally's tongue's baith dreich an' fell;
Age an' poortith sairly shore him,
Ere the bairns can fend themsel'.

Shou'd ye, lads, a wife that's wantin',
See some fair lass o'er a gill,
Gif her smirking looks entice you,
Mind the fate o' JOHNNY GILL.

Beauty seldom proves a blessin';
The stealin' fairy robs the min',
Spreads a lure for knaves an' flattery—
Source o' meikle dool an' pine.

Hymen's love's baith sweet an' lastin',
If frien'ly prudence beets the low;
But selfish pride, an' careless habits,
Damp the strings o' Cupid's bow.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

THE PEACOCK:

A MODERN SATIRE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

Gaudy bird, of gorgeous hue,
How kind has nature been to you,
In formin' a' your feathers fair,
Your weel fledg'd wings, an' stars so rare,
Glancin' by day, but dim by night,
Right fair for show, but dull for light:
  Like fickle frien's, when Fortune twines us,
Will shaw their face, an' proffer kindness;
But shou'd Misfortune's gloamin' shade us,
We'll fin', o'er late, thae frien's hae fled us.

Thy gaudy neck an' breast sae fine,
Where little tinted rainbows shine,
Twitterin' like dew-drops on the thorn,
Which early sun-beams paint the morn.

Again, thy glancin' een o' jet
Appear like studs in siller set;
Or pearls hung in gowden ring,
That near the ladies' luglocks hing:
Thy head appears majestic drest,
Crown'd wi' a bonny wavin' crest;
Or like my Peggy's gumflow'rs gay,
That bloom, although it be not May;
Or like the raw recruit's cockade,
Who thinks himsel' a flashy blade,
While ribbons roun' his tap he gathers,
An' thinks to fear the French wi' feathers;
Or dreams o' gear an' great preferment,
Because he's pimped for his serjeant:
But, lo! the hung'ry days o' drillin',
Of marchin', haltin', floggin', wheelin',
Bow down his feath'ry brain o' sallies,
An' pluck his bonnet o' its walies.

While sprucely strutting o'er the groun'
Ye spread your beauties to the sun,

An' veer about wi' airy pride,
To keep afore your fairest side;
Or jink aroun' wi' airy wheel,
To hide the bareness o' your keel.
  So busked beau, around the ring,
Will flirt and ogle, dance an' sing;
Wi' dashin' wig o' mony a shade,
To grace him whan his hair is fled;
Displays his snuff-box, hands a fan,
An' shows himsel' a lady's man:
But shou'd he deign the dance to wheel up,
Or miss a foot, an' cock his keel up,
What dire disgrace might intervene,
An' a' his lockless lugs be seen!
  Alas! for human nature's frail!
A peacock soon may lose his tail:
Yet comin' spring, wi' genial heat,
Can mak' the bird again complete:
But beaux may tine, an' few to see them,
What belles or barbers ne'er can gi'e them.
  What gars ye flutter roun' your hens?
Ye'll dirty a your bonny pens;
An' raise a stowre might spoil your gloss,
An' gar your beauties come t' loss.

Is that the way ye shaw your passion,
Or is't the method now in fashion?—
I truly think it is the gate,
For yonder's ane tane wi' the bait.
Ah, Meg, wert thou as kin' to me—
Fa' in my arms thus for a wee,
I'd ha'e mysel' wi' feathers stuck,
An' for thy sake become a buck.
Thus fools o' fashion spread their lures,
An' dashin' shaw their outward pow'rs;
Will shake their frills wi' fuss and din,
But, O! its vacuum within.
Yet, thick an' thrang are Folly's bairns,
That will be caught by outward charms.
How soon we see some female pet,
An' like the Pea-hen catch the bait:
So theatre nymph, in borough town,
Wi' silken hose an' glancin' gown,
That's no distress'd wi' meikle happin',
Disclose the beauties o' her crappin';
An' shou'd that fail, she'll dance a jig,
To shaw the shin-side o' her leg,
Keen to entrap some merchant loun,
Or countra laird new come to town.

Her capper clippin's glister fine,
He never saw ought sae divine;
Wi' love he's like to break his shins,
To win a wee ayont the screens:
He casts a wink, she's kirr and couth,
An' draws the water to his mouth,
Then at the lang-run pumps his purse,—
Great mercy gif it be nae warse!—
Syne draws the curtain roun' her spark,
Whar' love works wonders in the dark.
I never saw, but I've heard say
(Folks see not wonders ilka day,)
An' doubtna ye ha'e a' heard tell,
O' peacocks wi' a fiery tail,
Might shaw a man his goods to han'le,
An' save him meikle coal an' can'le.
So, haply, he may fin' bestow'd,
Some sure memorial for his gowd.
'Tis thus declining female star,
That tines her blossom in the war;
Wha's beauty's worn to shreds and patches,
Whan nature fails, at art she catches;
Rubs o'er wi' 'reams her brows an' mouth—
Like long-liv'd burds renews her youth.

Her cheeks turn'd pale, supplies wi' paint,
Stale breath she smoors wi' oils an' mint;
E'en Nature's knows that now are fled,
Whare love in youthfu' days has play'd,
She'll them supply wi' teats o' woo,
That cheat the unsuspecting view:
Yet tho' they hum the gazing youth,
A near encounter shaws the truth.
Some forward spark, on midnight ramble,
Descries their fau'ts but coal or can'le;
But O, sic borrow'd charms are frail:
'Tis whisper'd roun' her lover's fail;
She now leaves balls and siclike places,
An' scours to fairs an' countra races,
Wi' ruffs an' muffs, an' trappin's mony,
For to draw in some countra Johnny.
But countra John likes countra Jenny,
An' nane tak's tent o' gentle Fanny.
Wi' dust gets a' her walies spoil'd,
Or, may be waur, her wishes foil'd.
She fears her freaks are near an end,
An' pines awa like Jinken's hen:
Yet still she sighs for youthfu' sport,
An' now she tries the last effort.

Wi' haly rev'rence in her leuks,
She buys a bunch o' preachin' beuks;
An' o' the faith becomes defendant,
An' lives a pious independent:
Wi' former frien's has mony a battle,
But they like nae sic cantin' cattle;
Till some pert lad that lives by weavin',
Her mim-mou'd looks an' sighs deceivin',
Mistak's for grace her whines an' rantin',
She traps him by the bait o' cantin'.

Now some may say this is a gay joke,
Comparin' ladies to a Peacock;
Can siclike rhymers and pretenders,
That's lost their reck'nin' in the genders,
Set up their face wi' men o' letters,
To spin out satires on their betters;
Wi' crabbed mou' our fauts to hammer?—
They'd better stap an' learn their grammar.

But I can tell my learned readers,
For a' their skill in tropes an' figures,
'Tis better than to seek assistance,
Frae beings that ne'er had existence.
There's mony a lengthen'd learned head,
Has spun out rhymes for fools to read,

Wi' heathen gods an' fictions drest,
Syrens an' Sylphs, an' a' the rest—
Gif pick out thae from every nook,
Their rhymes might gang in little bouk.
Poets o' panegyric or satire,
Ha'e studied fiction mair than nature:
So I, like them, may look about me,
An' seek for hyperboles to suit me.

PART II.

But still my story is nae done yet—
Perhaps the maist o't is to come yet;
So here I go, be't verse or prose,
To draw my similies to a close.
But faith I fear I've tint my subject,
An' wi' my fancies lost the object;
My burd is no yet full survey'd,
We'll view him on the ither side.
E'en thou, wi' a' thy outward shape,
Thy studded tail an' glossy nape,

Hast e'en thy failin's, cracks an' flaws,
Thy eldritch scraichs and fiend-like claws:
Thy belly's but a dirty din,
Thy flesh an' banes are foul within;
As I ha'e seen a stately biggin'
Restin' aboon the great folks riggin',
Contriv'd by pride to rot in state,
Engrav'd wi' mighty, lofty, great;
But search it closely, lo, ye'll fin'
But banes an' dust an' dross within.
  But something whispers, Haud ye there!
In this ye dinna reason fair:
Your wame's fou' weel for a' our blethers,
Altho' it has nae bonny feathers;
They hap you weel an' keep you warm,
An' save your tenderer parts frae harm.
So things we never shou'd abuse,
That's no for show, but made for use—
There's ither burds that I could name,
Has coarser feathers on their wame;
An' mony a fowl, tho' brawly tappit,
That looks best whan their legs are happit.
  But then, again, pray what's your use?
Ye're seen about nae poor man's house—

Ye're no for travel, no for toilin',
Ye're no for roastin', stewin', boilin';
Your only being's but for show,
Or mind the ladies o' a beau.
Are ye contenter wi' your pens,
Than cock-maleirie wi' his hens,
While he upon the middin' craws,
An' ye, to sun spread out your braws?
Or can you better bide the stowre,
Of comin' winter's chilly pow'r;
Or dree misfortune's keener storm,
Than chucky in her hamely form?
I trow your trappin's then are vain,
An' only catch the win' an' rain;
An' rather prove a source o' sorrows—
But, 'las! thou hast owre mony marrows.
Nature thro' a' her various roads,
Bestows nae pleasure wi' sic odds,
As whyles we think, in lowly state,
Viewin' the greatness o' the great;
For if content's within the breast,
Eneugh will do as weel's a feast:
'Tis true they hae the brawer houses,
Their naigs, an' nowte, and rowth o' spouses;

Their chaise to ride in whan they tire—
Their ease, their wine, their bleezin' fire;
Their titles, lands, and livin's bra',
Their crouchin' flunkies at their ca';
Their sumptuous meals are never scant,
They never ken the carle Want—
But than, what signifies their treasure?
Their burden Plenty brings nae pleasure;
They're born to wealth, an' think't nae blessin';
They ken nae pleasure in possessin'.
Gif nae restraint the object claim,
It leaves the wish without an aim.
Idle in life, they try a' schemes,
Adorn their backs, an' fill their wames;
Fulfil ilk wish, be't right or wrang,
But never stay by ae thing lang.
They ken nae gude o' weel-tim'd meal,
That kitchens aft the poor man's kail;
They never ken the sweets o' toilin',
That keeps the gloomy min' frae spoilin';
They're seldom blest wi' rosy health,
For a' their lumps o' ease an' wealth;
Or virtuous love an' bairnies 'roun',
That keep the feeble hopes in tune.

In short, we've thoughtless joys an' wants,
They wea'th, wi' nervous thraws an' gaunts.
Tho' flauntin', for a slight inspection,
Ye downa thole a close dissection;
An' thus the proverb does declare,
That far aff fowls ha'e feather's fair.
Again, we ha'e the sage's word,
That feathers often form the bird;
But twine thee o' thy trappin's a',
Thou'rt war fa'ur'd than a plucked daw.
Now, should our men o' holy order,
Be stripped o' their bands an' border,
An' siclike trappin's o' the sect,
That draws a rev'rence o' respect;
Tak' aff the mystic wig and cloak,
A priest might look like—ither folk:
His face or flank indeed might shine—
Tho' no wi' guzzlin' beef or wine;
But by the grace beams frae within,
Or blushin' for his country's sin;
Or knops on's knees, worn hard as horn,
Wi' lengthen'd kneelin's night and morn.
Aiblins, thro' sleep's forgetfu' potion,
The foul thief whiles might draw his notion,

When reason's pores an' doors are steekit,
To dream o' glebe's an' stipen's eekit,
An' ither things there's nae great harm in,
As wenches, manses, horns, or farmin';
Or guns, or gloves, or ither whims—
But wha can answer for their dreams?
So Soldier shape in scarlet dashes,
Wi' sword-knots, tassels, cane, and sashes;
Wi' frills an' feathers on his tappin',
He flegs thro' a' the nooks o' Wappin',
Some tailor loon or pander spark,
That made his court to Lucky C——k.
But should some former shopmate meet him,
An' thus in cantin' dialect greet him:
"What, neighbour Snip! upon my word,
He's chang'd his bodkin for a sword;
Tho' thread and thimble low do lie,
The goose, I see, is fit to fly:
If duly taught, may answer soon,
For an invasion of the moon."
He'd prance and stare—"Why, demme, I
Never knew thee, thou chattering pye.
Decamp, or by my bloody weapons,
I'll cut thy buckram soul to shapin's!"

Then ruthless draws his glancin' rapier,
An' round his comrade cuts a caper,
But should the route direct his courses
To join afar his country's forces;
Or battle burst, an' him but hear o't,
He'd faint an' fa' wi' perfect fear o't;
There bloodless lie amang the slain,
An' wish him at his wark again.

So Dominies, wi' great pretences,
Because they're up to verbs an' tenses,
An' 'cause bairns cowr, an' ca' them Maister,
An' 'cause they use the lance an' clyster;
Alike in every science happy,
To pluck a tooth, or set a capy;
Think they can judge o' verse or prose,
An' pert pop in their word an' nose;
Will tell you a' what's right, what's wrang;
How this line's short, an' that line's lang;
Yet ken nae mair o' fancy's power
Than Peacocks, kickin' up a stowre.

An' Lawyers, too, that brazen tribe,
That tak' nae pains their fau'ts to hide,
Like Pharaoh's lean kye, hard they bite,
An' live upon their nei'bour's spite.—

To paint their pranks I'm nae proficien':
We'll try some easier acquisition.

PART III.

Again, my bird, we'll try to find
The matchless beauties o' your mind.
Frae ither fowls ye stan' abeigh,
An', like a' fools, wad fain be high:
Proud, on a wa', or half-grown tree,
Or chimly tap, ye like to be;
There cock your crest, wi' airy show,
An' squint on scrapin' burds below.
But shou'd the sky begin to low'r,
An' wake your second-sighted pow'r,
Ye then disclose your cow'rdly failin's,
An' grate a' roun' you wi' your yellin's.
Nae croakin' raven, wi' his note,
Can equal what comes thro' your throat;
Nor clam'rous cats, wham midnight summons,
Can equal half your yells and omens.
Ye fright the heron whare he flies,
An' weary Echo wi' your cries.

So ha'e I seen great fuss an' cap'rin'
'Mang mystic knighthood o' the apron;
Wi' empty pride, in monkish gown,
Travish a Bible thro' the town:
Wi' painted poles, and pictur'd duds,
An' aprons new come frae the suds,
Or stunted frae the wife's sark tail—
Aiblins the pock that hauds his meal;
For H—r—m's sons hae mony wants,
For a' their outward shows and rants,
Tho' patroniz'd by weeds an' saints.
The lengthen'd legends, tales, an' hist'ries,
An' dark sublime Egyptian myst'ries,
Are kindly meant, by your designment,
To draw the warld to refinement.
Your mystic draughts, wi' keel an' cauk,
Gar mony a cudroch chiel' to quak';
Joinin' some green-horn for a brither,
Ye light his purse an' een thegither;
Then roun' him ring, an' prance, an' squeel,
To gar folks trow ye raise the de'il:
But de'il a de'il wad shaw his face,
Sic bare-fac'd mummery e'er to grace.

Yet gi'e nae way to dark despondence,
Altho' the de'ils deny attendance;
Tho' lazy Cloots sits still within,
Ye'll aiblins grape the way to him;
Whare ye may herd in future times,
Unscaith'd by ony Cowan's rhymes.
So drover blades, wha drink an' sot,
Wha's light's confin'd to stirk an' stott,
That's scrap'd their gear frae lowly stations,
Wi' quirks, breaks, an' sequestrations,
Club roun', an' tell their loathsome jokes,
Or plot to cheat douce countra folks;
Wi' arle-penny in their han',
Will belch out something like a d—n,
How that's the highest groat they'll gae,
An' be mansworn thrice in a day,
Then mount, an' hame, wi' saucy gloom:
Ilk likes to ride his nei'bour down,
Because he has an Irish horse,
An' ithers' gowd within his purse.
So countra Laird, that's stout an' frisky,
Bred up 'mang grooms, an' drinkin' whisky,
An' footin't fairly o'er the bogs,
Pursuing hares, and houn'in' dogs;

Taught by his mither, that his talents
Surpasses ither countra callants,
Scours aff, ne'er dreaming on defection,
An' buys the votes at niest election;
Syne up to Lon'on in a wheel,
An' thinks himsel' a clever chiel'.
In House o' Commons glowrs an gaunts,
An' langs to tell his countra's wants;
Or rather shaw his pert essays,
So, like a jack-ass, starts an' brays;
An' what in point o' sense is lackin'
He'll eith supply wi' stamps an' brakin'.
I kenna' how it comes to pass,
But court folks whyles will keep an ass;
Whether for ridin', or for milk,
Or length o' lugs, I kenna' whilk:
They'll hear their cracks, an' ne'er confute them;
They'll bear their kicks, an' ne'er dispute them.
Thus ha'e I seen a simple lad,
Amang the braes o' Gall'way bred,
If no o'ergane wi' information,
At least quite free frae affectation.
When siller lur'd, or wark was slack,
Cross Bowness burn to bear a pack;

There serve a time, but gowd or fee,
To learn to cheat, an' gab, an' lie;
School'd by some greedy, gripin' elf,
To smother ev'ry tie but self,
Till by degrees he learns the knack
Of logic, how to blaw the pack:
Tho' aft his traffic an' resort
Is but amang the baser sort.
Yet hame he comes, baith proud an' braw,
His new acquirements fair to shaw,
In Lon'on boots, and broad-brimm'd hat,
Wi' yea's an' nay's, and G—d knows what;
Queer whirrs an' burrs, eneugh to fley fouk,
Wi' a' the scum o' Yorkshire dialect.—
He d—mns the reek, an' rubs his een,
An' tells what unco sights he's seen.
His mither e'es her hopefu' lad,
An' thinks him truly learn'd an' bred.—
Bright similies might here be spun,
In number like mots i' the sun,
An' on the mind so thick lie fraught,
As mak's ane dizzy wi' the thought.

PART IV.

Now, see what passion rules thy heart,
An' how thou act'st the parent's part.
If a' be true that I've heard said,
Ye're but a vile, ungratefu' blade:
Ye daut your dames thro' a' the year,
Till ance the clockin' time draws near,
Then, if ane wanders frae the rest,
To hatch her young or right her nest,
Ye follow in your surly flegs,
And paiks the hen and breaks the eggs,
Then leaves her, pain'd in waesome manner,
Her liefu' lane thro' woods to wan'er,
Till sair for-fought wi' grief and pinin',
She finds a nest ayont your kennin';
A twig o' hazle's a' her happin',
To hatch her young wi' hungry crappin',
There, tost by wind and beat wi' rain:
But Hope, that sooths the parent's pain,

Calms a' the sorrows o' her breast,
An' points wi' pleasure to her nest.
  Parental kindness, child o' Nature,
That warms the breast o' ev'ry creature,
Beeted by feelin's finest fires,
Unstain'd by ony base desires,
Thou mak's ilk bein' kind an' heedfu'
As lang as Nature sees its needfu',
Savin' the scum o' earth accurst,
Wha's ends are sordid gain an' lust:
  Yet, thou in this art no thy lane,—
To seek for pleasure without pain;
To like the night but shun the day,
To hate the toil but like the play:
So baudrons likes the trout to eat,
But downa think to douk her feet;
So patriots for their country's glory,
Will act the Whig an' hate the Tory;
Will raise a lengthen'd learn'd digression,
On law an' rights an' constitution;
Will stand by liv'ries an' petitions,
An' rail at wars an' expeditions,
As langs the birkie wants a place,
Or untane tent o' by his grace—

E'en then he'll whiles pay some attention,
Till fairly tongue-tack'd wi' a pension,—
He'll then sit down among the monniest,
An' think the braidest road the bonniest,
Syne leave his countra, whar he gat her—
'Mang wants an' woes, an' wars to swatter.
Thus countra lasses, void o' care,
Like water lilies, saft and fair,
When love's within an' charms without them,
Like flies the lads will buzz about them;
While each his art an' fortune tries,
The fausest aften wins the prize:
For mony a merry tale he'll speak,
To keep the dimple on her cheek;
Brings claps an' squeezes to's assistance—
For what are words when at a distance?—
Then tells the same dull story o'er,
That he has said to mony a score—
As how she kills him wi' her glances,
That cut his heart-strings thro' like lances;
Swears by his saul he doesnae flout her,
An' that he canna live without her;
That she, wha has the power to save,
Should deign some pity to her slave—

At least, to let him live in hope,
An' no, at ance, his breath to stop:
" Whae'er is dearest to this breast—
He surely maun be truly blest;"
Then steals a kiss, looks in her e'e,
An' thinks she'll hardly let him die,
Sic ravings gars her bosom heave—
'Tis woman's province to believe;
An' a' her kind that e'er I kent o',
Are fully fond to be tane tent o'.

It needs sma' foresight what's to follow,
Or how his sensual saul, an' hollow,
Stoops down below the rax o' truth,
To cheat her unsuspecting youth;
An' whan her feckless virtue's gane,
She's left to sab an' greet her lane:
I've seen her reav'd o' a' her charms,
Her helpless affspring in her arms,
Wi' few to ask her how she fares,
Or sooth her grief or share her cares;
Despis'd, in want, an' deep distress,
Gars a' her feelings bleed a-fresh.

But wha can paint the parent's woes,
Wha's breast wi' piercing sorrow throes—

Their joy, where a' their hopes were center'd,
Owre far on faithless seas has ventur'd?
Haply the parent's lowly laid,
That rear'd wi' care the luckless maid.
Then mae will toy an' praise her beauty,
Than teach the thoughtless maid her duty,
Till left at large to passion's snare,
That aften leads to dark despair.—
When, lost to notice, lost to shame,
She dares the deed we darenae name.
Alas! whare's a' thy beauties now,
Thy dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou'—
The takin' twinkles o' your e'en,
The maiden blush an' modest mien—
The matchless ringlets o' your hair,
Might made a mod'rate face look fair—
That native note, of tunefu' glee,
That carried ay the charm to me—
An' simple kindness without art,
That never fail'd to touch the heart?—
They're feckly fled, what could prevent them?—
An' those still left ha'e few to tent them.
Beauty, tho' sages sair dispute thee,
Poets like ay to rhyme about thee.

Thou cheer'st the heart whene'er we see thee,
An' fetter'd fancy canna leave thee;
Thou plead'st thy cause in silent looks,
Better than orators or books;
Canst smooth the brow o' gloomy thought,
An' set our re-resolves at nought:
Gif weel adorn'd wi' truth an' love,
Thou'd picture a' the joys above;
For what has life to gi'e that's sweeter,
To make our earthly joys completer?
Yet, aft thou'st been a great transgressor,
An' prov'd a bane to the possessor—
Hast foster'd pride an' marr'd instruction,
An' robb'd the mind by deep deduction;
A sign-post set to gather knaves,
An' ruins ten for twa thou saves:
Then, Oh!—but stap, whare's this I'm gaun?—
My story's surely fully lang;
So here my similies shall cease,
An' let my readers rest in peace,
To rax their banes an' rub their een,
For fear they fret an' tak' the spleen—
Only, I'd slightly wish to mention,
How, that it ne'er was my intention

To point at ony trade or callin',
Or triumph in a nei'bour's failin:
For, 'las! we always fin't o'er true,
We're a' possess'd o' fau'ts enow:
But, as for fashion's silly tools,
An' empty dull conceited fools,
That seem to tell us, by their ways,
That sauls o' men are shawn in claes;
An' wit an' worth an' a' respects,
Are tack'd to certain sorts an' sects:—
It shall not hurt my expectation
Altho' I want their approbation;
An', shou'd some passage pet or pout them,
They ken best if the bonnet suit them.
There's mony mae I ha'enae noted,
Deserve't as weel as those ha'e got it:—
For selfish pride an' affectation,
Ha'e spread their wings sae o'er the nation,
That scarce a vestige now ye'll see,
O' what like mankin' ought to be—
Like beggar's cloak o' Bethnal Green,
Wha's origin could scarce be seen:—
But time would fail me—here I'll en',
An' leave them to some abler pen;

Or try mysel', some future time,
When I'm again dispos'd for rhyme.

TO MELANCHOLY.

DULL Melancholy! ruefu' maid,
Begot in Disappointment's shade
By dire Disease, thy donsie dad,
On Pride, thy mither,
Wi' sickly Thought, a pale-fac'd blade,
Thy elder brither.

I ken thee by thy ceaseless mane,
Thy stauking gate, and hallow grane,
Thy lantern chafts, and lang cheek-bane,
And deaden'd e'e,
As wanderin' thro' the woods thy lane,
Thy form I see.

Or, sauntrin' near some auld grey biggin',
Where Time has torn the roof and riggin',
Where ghaists and bogles bead fu' trig in,
Wi' midnight croon,

And elves and fairies flisk a jig in,
T' waning moon:

An' by thy thoughtfu' pensive brow,
Bound roun' wi' willow, twin'd wi' yew,
An' gloomy garb that's dark to view,
And cypress sash on;
Thou mind'st nae gowns of gaudy hue,
Nor freaks o' fashion;

Nor blushing Spring, wi' dews and show'rs,
Nor Summer gay, wi' blowing flow'rs,
Nor Autumn, tho' she plenty pours,
Ye're seldom tentin',
But Winter's wildest, loudest roars
Ye're maist content in.

What gars you now be sae prevailin',
An' spread your pow'r baith moor an' dale on,
Till hame-spun fouks in cot and mailin'
Ye blaw your breath on,
An' cheerfu' mirth's gay empire's failin',
Wi' thoughts distressin'?

The great, that o' their gear are heedfu',
Tho' blest wi' mair than what is needfu',
By thee are torn wi' whim that's dreadfu',
An' discontent,
Till a' their joys prove unremeadfu',
For want o' want.

O, wad ye stay wi' foppish lowns,
Or prey on priests wi' haly gowns,
Or novel nymphs in borough towns,
Wha ne'er relent ye;
Or fouks wi' garters, stars and crowns
Might weel content ye.

Yet aft ye wring the noblest hearts,
When Hope her wonted hame deserts,
Or whare love shoots his scornfu' darts,
Ye're sure to dwell;
But whare remorse the feelin' smarts,
Ye're niest to hell.

How cheerless shines the cheerfu' light,
An' lanely langsome is the night,

To mopin' melancholy wight,
Wha's fancy swims,
While fiends and spectres greet his sight,
In dreary dreams?

The smiles o' beauty, he may see them,
The sweets o' life he canna prie them;
He sees nae things as ithers e'e them:
Trifles perplex him;
Nor music's warblin' notes can please him,
But teaze and vex him.

I've seen thy balefu' influence shed
Roun' skinny poortith's strawy bed;
The frien'less wretch, there lowly laid,
Thou sting'st amain,
An' spread'st around his cheerless bed
Thy gloomy train.

Till frenzied Fever's fiery han'
Alang the witherin' lips was drawn,
Fond Hope and Health were at a stan'—
Ye crush'd them there;

Then rous'd your daughter, wild and wan—
E'en dark Despair!

Poor Poets, in their airy station,
Wrapt up in cobweb contemplation,
Whilst spinnin' out some new creation,
Wi' hopefu' e'e,
Are hiss'd by harpy Condemnation,
Then torn by thee.

Altho' thy darksome gloomy reign
May cloud the thought, an' sour the min',
Yet where the Bard does soarin' shine,
Wi' witchin' art,
Thou thrill'st the feelin's there mair fine,
An' men'st the heart.

Thy gentle touch shall aften tend
T' endear the lover and the friend;
To lofty reason aid thou'lt lend,
An' maxims meet,
An' beauty's saftest smile wilt blend
Wi' something sweet.

Thou teachest worldly cares are vain;
Thou winn'st our thoughts frae sordid gain;
Thou gar'st us feel for ithers' pain,
In sorrows sinkin',
An' point'st frae thoughtless Folly's train
To sober thinkin'.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

O! Rural life, thou blest retreat,
Where sweet contentment dwells ay;
To me ye're dearer than the street,
Where din an' discord yells ay.
There, countless wretches are immur'd,
In fell disease an' starvin';
And thrivin' knaves to guilt inur'd,
Frae virtue's pa ths are swervin'.

Right dear to me are glens and howes,
Wi' craigs aboon me tow'rin',
While burns come tumblin' frae the knowes,
An' owre the linns are pourin'.
The sun blinks blythely on the pool,
That bickers to his glances;
There, water clocks, untaught by rule,
Skip through their countra dances.

The sturdy aik, aboon the brow,
  Supports the feeble ivy;
See how it twines wi' mony a bow,
  Just as it were alive ay.
The bloomin' broom, the hawthorn white,
  That scents the cauler mornin',
An' wild-flow'rs that the heart delight,
  The banks an brows adornin'.

Here blythesome burds on hazle boughs,
  Chaunt up their mornin' ditty;
Amang the firs the cushat coos,—
  Hear how she wails sae pretty!
Better they relish Nature's laws,
  Than man wi' a' his knowledge,
An' fill their place, but cracks or flaws,
  Though ne'er at school or college.

The sheep, amang the breckan braes,
  Are feedin' wi' their lammies;
There, kids as white as new bleach'd claes,
  'Mang crags bleat for their mammies;

The shepherd lad sae blythe and gay,
Does loudly tune his chanter;
Plays "Owre the Hills and Far Away,"
To chase ilk care and canker.

Yet still the bonniest flow'r's unsung
O' a' creation's plantin';
For thee has mony a harp been strung,
An' ilka heart been pantin':
But if the precious dew o' sense
Bedeck't, it shaws the sweeter;
Foster'd by mirthfu' modest mense,
It mak's the gift completer.

Leeze me on e'en, whan hill and tree
Are pictur'd in the vallies;
When lasses to the loan do hie,
To milk and feed their mailies;
While sweet an' lang they lilt the sang,
As lads come frae the mawin',
Wha prie their mou' ere it be lang,
In corner till the daw'in'.

When seated roun' the milkin' slap,
Their toils are a' forgotten:
For lasses' looks ha'e ay the knack
To stir up fun an jokin'.
The lads that's kind will bear the pail,
An' pair as love directs them;
While lightly footin't owre the dale,
Nae doubts or fears perplex them.

Now e'ening star, to lovers dear,
Beams in the purple east;
Wi' modest beauties saft and clear,
Like Peggy's spotless breast.
The moon like ony busked bride,
In siller grey was glancin',
An' on the restless rocking tide
Her lightsome locks were dancin'.

But sure, Contentment lives, hersel',
Beneath yon braw clay biggin',
Weel thieked frae the heathery fell,
While brackens crown the riggin'.

The honeysuckles speel the roof,
An' fous adorn the gavel;
The frien'ly firs, they keep it noof,
Frae Boreas' baul'est devel.

Here, glancin' trenchers in a raw,
An luggies laid in order;
There, stuff-hung bed, fu' doucely braw,
Fring'd featly roun' the border.
The sattle chair, for seat or bed,
Wi' forms an' table scour'd weil,
An' glancin' green-horns snugly laid,
In Lucky Dad's ain spoon-creel.

Here auld fouks live wi' bairns' bairns,
An' blest wi' peace and plenty;
Here, parents' hope the bosom warms,
Here youth blooms fair and dainty:
Here dwalls the mither's virtuous smiles,
The faithfu' friend an' father;
Unlike them skill'd in city wiles,
That aften slip the tether.

Here, grey-beard mirth forgets his years,
An' tells his tale fou cheer'ly;
Amaz'd, the list'ning youngster hears
The feats o' Papish Charlie.
But whan the lasses tune the lays,
As Coila's BARD compos'd them;
'Bout thoughtless joys, o' lovers waes,
They dirl thro' the bosom.

What tho' they ha'e nae op'ra joys,
Or carriage gay to flaunt in;
Or dainty that the stomach cloys,
They never ken they want 'em.
Their hame-spun grey, and halesome fare,
Mak' life as sweet's the gentry's;
An' what they ha'e, they freely share,
Nor heed they learn'd commentries.

Unknown to them the borrow'd glance,
To smile when sorrows twines them;
Or a' the mumm'ries come fra France:
Few spleens or vapours pine them.

Their life is like yon todlin' burn;
Tho' cross craigs whiles may stint it,
Still presses owre ilk thrawart turn,
An' never looks behint it.

My wearied limbs I'd here repose,
An' woo the muses roun' me;
There mark the briar that bears the rose,
While lav'rocks tow'r aboon me.
Here, far frae busy bustlin' strife,
I'd tend life's latest ember;
Unteaz'd by feigned friends or wife,
That wauken care an' clamour.

LINES

ON SEEING A POOR OLD MAN SHUNNED AND DESPISED AT A SACRAMENTAL OCCASION.

Ah! wofu' wreck of wretched man!
Thou, sickening, show'st that life's a span,
With comforts frail and few;
Thy body, bent by many a year,
Thy feeble limbs reluctant bear;
Thy eye seems wet with blood-stain'd tear,
And cheek of clay-cold hue.

On lyart temples, thin and bare,
The zephyr scarce can find a hair,
To wave a warning round;
But tatter'd rags he finds enow,
To float and wave, and show to view,
Like autumn's leaves of every hue,
That, wither'd, strew the ground,

But see! the thoughtless, proud, and gay,
Poor earthworms! fluttering now in May,
Fall back and back in rings.
Few heave for thee the pitying sigh;
The Bucks take snuff as thou creep'st by;
The ladies rein the neck and eye,
And gather in their wings.

Can feeble age you thus affright?
Can poverty thus wound your sight?
Thus man for man be stunn'd?
Then ponder well what now ye see;
For who can read the dark decree?
What he is now, ye soon may be,
And serpent-like, thus shunn'd.

I hear thee heave the heavy moan;
Amidst the crowd thou sigh'st alone,
And tremblest at the word
Of Gospel peal, that loud is rung
From thund'ring preacher's pliant tongue,
Unto a giddy, lukewarm throng,
"O Israel, fear the Lord!"

Art thou a sinner, old in crimes,
That in thy youthful, healthful times,
Oft stray'd in folly's road—
Now show'st thy bold presumptuous head,
When every youthful passion's dead,
When life's a load—enjoyment fled—
Thou seek'st the house of God?

Or rather, has thy wounded worth
Found nought but cross and care on earth?
For worth has much to bear.—
Has reckless death thy bosom riven?
Has misery and want thee driven,
Till wrench'd of every stay, but Heaven?—
Yet hope—nor feed despair:

For He, whose grace thou fond would'st gain,
He acts not as the sons of men,
Nor breaks the bruised reed.
The broken heart to him is dear;
He sooths, he wipes the swelling tear;
He bends from Heaven, thy griefs to hear,
A help and stay in need.

What though th' unfeeling crowd around,
Within God's house on thee look down,
For want of rich array?
This borrow'd light must soon decline,
When thou in robes of grace may'st shine;
Some future day, perhaps, is thine,
When their's is wild dismay.

TO TOBACCO.

Foul fa' thee, vile unchancie docken,
That e'er thou set thy neb in Scotlan';
For now, 'tween sneezin', chowin', smoakin',
There's few are free;
And 'twixt thy taste's no' sae provokin',
'Tween you an' me.

Nae doubt, like ither tares o' evil,
Ye've first been dibbl'd by the devil:
Altho' ye look sae simply civil,
Yet aft 'tis thee
Joins tattlin' jades in clubs convivial,
To clash and lie.

When Autumn, wi' her yellow tap,
Sits bendin' ripe in Nature's lap,
And farmers, keen to cut the crap,
Lest win's should scud it,
Yet weary wives roun' coals will clap,
By thee deludit.

Last year, ere Meg began a-spinnin'
Her lang projected wab o' linen,
To light her pipe she thought nae sin in—
Teazin' her tow;
Countin' wi' care her costs an' winnin',
The stock took low!

Our auld gudeman, sae crouse an' canty,
That said his prayers like ony saint ay,
Tinin' his spleuchan i' the pantry—
Now frets and granes,
And banns, an' glowrs, an' girns, an' gaunts ay,
An' paiks the weans.

When bairns an' auld fouks gang to rest,
An' youngsters roun' the fire are plac'd,
Ilk ane sits niest wha he likes best,
Amang the kimmers,
To read their fortune's kittle cast,
Amang the em'ers.

Then Pate pu's out his sneeshin'-mill,
An' Peg will hae't again' his will,

While she, poor young thing, deems nae ill—
He, darklin's grips her:
Some luckless creepie hits her heel,
And backward trips her.

Yestreen, while smoakin' by the hallan,
Blythe Bess cam' by the sonsy callan,
I fain my chin her cheek wad haul'd on—
But nae remead—
She said my breath was past a' tholin';
O! cursed weed.

Thou picklest aft the poor man's pennie;
Ye shake the nerves o' waefu' grannie:
'Tis thee makes mony a thriftless mammie,
An' loiterin' dad;
An' spoils the bluid o' Kate an' Annie,
Till beauties fade.

Thou feed'st a batch o' idle louns,
O' chapmen chiel's in borough towns;
An' curs'd excisemen gaun their roun's,
Wi' saucy gnash;

Forbye a batch o' spinster clowns,
An' sic like trash.

Wae worth the man first brought you here!
Freedom appall'd, looks back wi' fear,
Whare cowrin' wretches do you rear,
Baith air and late;
An' stifle sorrow's briny tear,
In slavery's state.

Had ye been meant for Scotlan's gude,
To clear the min', or clean the bluid,
Ayont the sea ye wadnae stood,
Whare ye're a' weed o';
For she supplies ilk herb an' food,
That we ha'e need o'.

But now, we're sae far seen in arts,
An' learn'd the gate to foreign parts,
That countra clauchans now are marts
For foreign dainties;
We've lost our strength an' honest hearts,
Sin' ye cam' sklent us.

Awa' ye foreign jaups an' gills,
Ye've brought auld Scotlan' mony ills;
Her bairns torn down, wi' puffs and pills,
Tryin' to men' them,
Till, totterin' thro' her heath-clad hills,
Ye'll hardly ken them:

A poor degen'rate pigmy race,
Wi' tame dependence i' their face,
Puff'd up wi' pride an' pert grimace,
Powder'd an' frizz'd—
Strut turkey-like frae place to place,
Ha'f dead, ha'f craz'd!

O, for the days when Wallace bled!
An' Scotlan's sons to glory led;
Or whan Bruce drew the martial blade,
At Bannockburn:
But ah, alas! thae days are fled,
Ne'er to return.

Let English dine on pork an' pease;
Let Welchmen plot an' toast their cheese,

Gi'e Bonny paddock fricassees,
An' fish to Dutchmen—
But brose, an' hame-brew'd barley-brees,
Can rear the Scotchman.

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A GAUDY butterfly, that sat
Upon a flaunting tulip's lap;
While from its tubes of crimson hue,
He sipt the virgin morning dew;
His tinsel wings wav'd by his side—
His chiefest beauty and his pride—
Bedropt in Nature's fancying hours,
Vied with the beauties of the flow'rs.
The star of day, from ocean's breast,
Roll'd up the portals of the east,
And shone afar o'er lakes and streams,
To glad creation with his beams.
The heath-bell blue adorned the wild,
And flower's within the garden smil'd:
The fluttering insect thus elate,
While cringing reptiles round him wait,

Like fops, when blest with pride and treasure,
Think all things formed for their pleasure.
Shall then his deeds of fairest hue,
Be hid and not exposed to view;
He flaps his wings, he humm'd aloud,
And thus address'd the wondering crowd:
"Behold in me, of high descent,
A traveller of great extent;
A connoisseur of noble parts,
Adept in sciences and arts:
The eglantine and woodbine bow'r,
I have surveyed in my tour;
Cowslips, carnations, I have trode,
And made the violet my abode:
When zephyrs waked my soft repose,
I din'd upon the honied rose,
And revell'd on the scented pea—
For all the flowers were fond of me.
My soaring wing hath dared to fly,
Up to yon towering pear-tree high;
Or perch'd alone, unfear'd of fall,
Upon the lofty garden wall;
Nor stopt I there, till objects new,
Again attract my wondering view,

A spacious sea, extended wide,
The circling billows lash'd the side,
Where living mountains stemm'd the flood,
And cackl'd to their giant brood;
A cloud-topt tower, where thunder rings,
Monsters both with, and without wings.
All these and more, myself did brave,
That ye poor creepers can't conceive:—
But surely ye'll allow the charge,
That I have viewed the world at large."
A sober snail, of slowly pace,
That on a leaf lay stretch'd at ease,
In all his life that scarce had seen,
Above a cabbage or a green,
Yet deem'd they yielded dainty store—
Because he ne'er had dream't of more—
Hearing the bully boast aloud,
His dangers thus by field and flood,
Dire discontent his bosom seiz'd,
And envy all his vitals heez'd:
His body round in grief he wreath'd,
While thus his woe and wants he breath'd:
"Ah! cursed fate—ah! captious Nature,
That form'd me such a clumsy creature!

My footless form thus keeps me here,
Thro' all the beauties of the year;
Till piercing winds, or driving snows,
Cut short my life and end my woes.
O! had I but the towering wing,
Of yon gay flutterer of the spring,
I should not loiter here alone,
Alike unknowing and unknown."
A busied bee, with humming noise,
That o'er her labours did rejoice,
Hearing at large the lengthen'd tale
Of empty butterfly and snail,
A conscious ardour fill'd her breast;
She thus the butterfly address't:
" Vain, empty, ostentatious worm,
That no instruction can reform;
Nor sage Experience, with her light,
Can ever guide thy views aright,
But like the crowd, that always change,
Thou lov'st the marvellous and strange;
Tho' thou hast roam'd o'er flower and field,
What hidden truths hast thou revealed;
Or sound conclusions, drawn from nature,
Of use to thee, or other creature.

Even now, while summer's sun doth shine,
Thou, idly gadding, wast'st thy time;
And with thy follies dost foment,
The bursting sigh of discontent,
Thro' all the simple creeping tribe,
And fill'st their itching minds with pride.
I, too, have travers'd all thy rounds,
And even o'erleap'd thy largest bounds;
Toiling, with pleasure, for my hive,
To keep our commonwealth alive:
But small's the all that we have view'd,
And short's the path we have pursu'd.
Again, when Winter chills the day,
My store shall well each toil repay,
When thou in dust shalt low be laid,
And all thy transient beauties fled."

Our Fable ends; and you, no doubt,
Can easy find the moral out:
For trifles, far we need not roam—
There's Butterflies enow at home.

THE

AULD MAN'S ADDRESS

TO

HEALTH.

Come, lovely Health, wi' laughin' e'e,
I lang thy rosy lips to prie;
To wanton in thy glowin' arms,
An' revel o'er thy heav'n o' charms—
Thy smile each fear and care disarms.

In vain wou'd wealth her pearlin's heap,
Or varied year her treasures sweet;
What boots proud honour twin'd wi' fame?
Thine is the substance—theirs the name;
Ev'n love but thee grows dull an' tame.

'Tis thine our fondest hopes to draw,
An' sweeten Nature's beauties a';
To crown afresh the warrior's head,
An' strew wi' joys the bridal bed,
Where virtuous love an' truth are laid.

'Tis thine the poor man's peace to earn,
Wi' thrivance to each dauted bairn;
Bear up the burden o' his toil—
His dark an' lonely thoughts beguile,
An' deck cauld poortith wi' a smile.

Wilt thou within my woodlan's dwell,
" A' bloomin' like thy bonny sel';"
Or paint afresh my Peggy's cheek,
Where Nature did her wark complete,
Now treacherous Time has wasted bleak?

The vi'let blossoms by the broom;
The bean-field blaws its saft perfume;
The wild-rose sheds its dewy tear;
The cuckoo sings her sang fu' clear—
An' a' to gar thee linger here.

Well do I mind, in blythe se'enteen,
Whan light the dancers skipt the green,
Thy artless presence grac'd the place,
An' men'd the tints on ev'ry face,
But chief my Peggy's modest grace.

Whan wark was scant an' bairns were sma',
An' life's dull pleugh was dreigh to draw;
Thou then wast ever smilin' near,
An' proffer'd hopes o' future gear,
An' dang out dull forebodin' fear.

Full forty Springs ha'e slippit by,
Since Hymen's han' the knot did tie—
Thou ne'er hast left us lang distrest,
Except to shaw wha lo'ed the best;
But wha cou'd judge the kind contest?

But now, alas! thy smiles are seen,
"Like angel's visits, far between;"
As birds of passage, fleet an' gay,
Flit from bare bush to flow'ry spray,
Thou leav'st wan age to grope its way.

Ill fares the wight that's left by you,
In lonely bield wi' comforts few;
Or, tott'rin', forc'd to seek his bread,
Thro' the wide warld without a shed,
Wi' no a frien' his cause to aid.

Virtue an' Youth are twins wi' thee—
Alas! were they sic frien's to me!
The latter lang, alas, has left me!
O' mony a joy she has bereft me;
O! may the first, through Hope, infeft me.

TO HAPPINESS.

SAY, where is thy dwelling, thou daughter of Peace?
More sweet than the sun-gilded flower;
What thousands await for a glimpse of thy face,
Disappointment, and keen-pining envy to chase,
From the peasant's lone hut to the tower?

False Hope, with her anchor, would point out the path,
As her various votaries choose,
By the new-fallow'd field, or the blue-belled heath,
The statesman's parade, or the warrior's wreath,
Love, science, a friend, or the muse.

But vain are their pursuits, if passion's unrein'd,
Or sickly unsoundness be nigh;
Tho' Virtue's fair telescope lights the dark mind,
Thou fly'st their fond grasp, like the fast-fleeting wind,
Or the bright-beaming arch of the sky.

Yet oft dost thou visit the young and the gay;
Too sweet are the moments to last;
And mirth, wine, and music, can chase Care away
For a night; but, alas! she returns with the day;—
We, painful, reflect on the past.

How vain, then, for mortals to pant for the prize?
'Tis the charter to angels that's given:
This life's a short journey—be patient, be wise—
Unhinge ye from earth; let your prospects arise;
She dwells not on this side of Heaven.

ON SILLER.

O! SILLER, but thou cost'st us dear,
By ony ither kind o' gear:
Now, fient a ane thy price need speer,
But knaves or fools;
For few can e'er thy price come near—
By honest rules.

Thou gars Religion tine her haud;
Mak's her a slaw, saft-finger'd jade;
An' looses Folly, ravin' mad
Wi' pride and nonsense;
Mak's honest Honour sick an' sad,
An' smoors poor Conscience.

For thee we sell our finest feelin's—
Pity and Love, thae gentle yealin's;
E'en sacred Frien'ship gets her drillin's,
Tho' deep imprest;

An' feign her flame wi' bows and kneelin's,
For self-int'rest.

For thee we toil baith night and day,
Till bluid turns thin, and locks grow gray,
An' ither dools, in dark array,
Aroun' us muster;
An' crazy joints to climb life's brae—
A weary wister.

For thee I cross'd my youthfu' fancy,
Forsook my bloomin', smilin' Nancy,
An' pu'd a docken for a tansy,
An' curs'd my life
Wi' tap o' a' things maist unchancy—
A hav'rel wife!

My haill designs she's ay for baukin';
Whan I'm for peace, then she's for taukin';
Whan dull, she skirls like a maukin',
An' laughs, and girns:
Whan I'm for sleepin', she's for waukin',
An' peels my shins.

Then, gif she getnae a' her will,
She feigns her fits, flytes, and fa's ill;
To a' her nei'bours roun' does tell
How ill I'm till 'er;
An' ay the owre-word o' the knell,
Her waefu' siller!

Now, ev'ry comfort I maun tine,—
The joys o' wit, the joys o' wine,
The chimes o' music an' o' rhyme,
An' comrades dear,
An' thole her d—d eternal whine
About her gear.

Let never better be his weird,
Each social tie that could discard
For glancin' gowd, or dirty yird,
Or empty fame;
May cankér'd Care tug at his beard,
An' sullen dame.

But L—d, gif ance her head were hidden,
I'se ne'er again be woman-ridden;

My former frien's shou'd a' be bidden,
In social ring;
The dool-string I shou'd soon get rid on,
An' dance an' sing!

ON FICKLENESS.

Say, what a captious creature's man,
That's never near contented?
Let Fortune favour a' she can,
Yet still there's something wanted.
Whate'er we ha'e we soon despise,
Be't lasses, lair, or money;
While what we want we highly prize,
An' think it gude an' bonny—
While unpossess'd.

The beggar, free frae tax an' charge,
Sighs for a house an' haddin';
The cottar wants his yard made large,
An's o' a mailin bodin'.
There's jobber John, the donsie man,
Wha's daughter's nearly ready,
Thinks by her shine o' pauky e'en,
She'll catch some landed body,
Or priest, some day.

The farmer e'es the stately ha',
  Forgets his stocks an' barns;
The lairdy langs for titles braw,
  For ribbons an' for starns:
The Knight a seat—the Lord his Grace;
  The Duke envies the crown;
The King the happy Shepherd's place—
  An' thus the wish gaes roun',
    Frae side to side.

See Sawney, in his youthfu' days,
  Whan first he sigh'd for Sarah;
He walks, he gaunts, he groans, he prays,
  He pines wi' love an' sorrow;
Whan harvest days turn'd dreigh an' warm,
  'Twas then they first fell gracious;
He mawed her rig wi' manfu' arm,
  Till like a brose his face was,
    Wi' sweat that day.

To pick the prickles frae her haun',
  To him now's near Elysium;
To plait her locks, or bear her cann,
  Can never fail to please him;

She was nane o' the scornfu' pack,
Ay bent on feuds or fleein';
But stopt ae night, and took a crack,
An' sav'd the lad frae dieín'
An unco death.

For her he shook the hasky strae,
An' kav'd the corn fu' neatly,
An' bore her beuk ilk Sabbath day,
To keep her sma' and featly.
O'er ev'ry stran' he took her han',
An' prest it kin' an' slily;
Bore streekit claith aboon her face,
Altho' the day was drily,
To shield her form.

But wha can stap the wind to blaw,
Or keep the cock frae crawin',
Or haud ghaists frae the haunted ha',
Or me frae sleep at dawin'?
Or, wha can tether tide or time,
Or bind the frail affections;
Or stay the weakly waverin' min',
Wi' a' love's kind connexions,
An' tender ties?

Soon as the boasted trifle's gane,
That downa thole the namin',
She sighs, an' sabs, an' greets her lane,
An rues the rede o' gamin'.
Now she pursues, an' he forhoos—
The aftercome o't fears her;
An' whan they meet, nae kisses sweet,
Or hinnied words to cheer her,
Like ance a day.

Whare's now the rosy red an' white,
The matchless form an' gesture;
That breast for which his soul has sigh'd,
Or eyes that held him faster?—
The dimples, blushes, smiles, an' brows,
Thy outward charms composed;
An' ithers, hid frae lover's views,
But sweeter whan disclosed?—
So poets sing.

Hope beets the youthfu' lover's flame;
Enjoyment gars us falter;
The object still remains the same—
'Tis we ourselves do alter.

Let sage Experience point our views,—
It never can deceive us;
But Fancy, wi' her borrow'd hues,
Aft in the lurch will leave us,
Whan reason's shunn'd.

ON YOUTHFUL HOPE.

O! Hope, thou cheat'st the young an' gay
Wi' fondest expectation;
For pleasin' Fancy paints the way
Without investigation.

Alas! thou little ken'st the care
O' thorny life's employment;
Thy fairy figures promise fair,
But tine in the enjoyment.

Yet whan I think on days that's by,
How happy ye ha'e made me,
I fin' my heart aft heave the sigh,
That e'er ye shou'd ha'e fled me.

What gars ye, waverin', smilin'
An' fickle Fancy, lea'e me?

For Reason, wi' his boasted prop,
But little comfort gi'es me.

He's but a paughty sullen guide,
His paths are no ay pleasin';
An' than the heart-strings downa bide
Gin e'er a body lea'es him:

An' warldly Wisdom, wi' her wiles,
Keeps ay a body waukin';
She clogs the mind wi' care an' toils,
For either thought or ta'kin'.

Come Fancy, wi' thy magic skill,
An' wrap me in Elysium;
Though ye're the elder sister still,
Ye never fail to please ane.

ıker'd Care's tane up the min',
ıt an invitation,—
is haud, till made to tine,
eerie station.

estless, wofu' wight,
he heart unceasin';

That wounds the mind, and wrecks the sight,
Wi' thoughts an' views unpleasin'?—

That's ever waukin', ay at wark,
Altho' we canna' see thee;
Gropin' for something in the dark,
The warld canna' gi'e thee?

O Hope, come wi' thy shinin' pow'r,
Anchor my thoughts, an' right me,
Afore the dark an' dreary hour,
Of dread despair benight me!

INVOCATION TO SPRING, 1812.

Come, sweet smiling Spring, with thy life cheering bloom,—
Why so timid and shy to appear?
No dew-dropped blossoms the morning perfume,
No green glossy garments the forests resume,
Though Time hurries by the short year.

I long for the corn-craik and cuckoo's loud notes,
T' enliven our grey hawthorn bowers
The lightsome white lambs, as they frisk round the cots,
The seedsman's slow hum, as he scatters his oats,
Thy zephyrs and soft falling showers.

But the dark tyrant Winter, with thin hoary hair,
Breathes bleak thro' the valley and wild:
The half silent songsters forget now to pair,
They wait for thy train, but no vestige is there,
Save the primrose, thy first lonely child.

Thus mourns sad Britannia, with sorrow and tears,
For her sons that are dragg'd to afar;
She waits the nymph Peace, but, lo! what appears!—
Whole Europe convuls'd, for a series of years,
With intestine grim bloodshed and war!

So fares't with our prospects in life's early dawn,
While Hope in gay trappings is drest;
And Love link'd with Health, lightly trips o'er the land—
We gaze on the phantom, the curtain is drawn,
And the bright beams of noon overcast.

ON

THE DEATH OF

THE REV. DR MURRAY,

LATE PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Mourn, Galovidia, o'er thy heathy bed!
Thy fav'rite child in the cold earth is laid!
Thy far-fam'd son, so skill'd in learned lore,
Shall teach our minds or mend our hearts no more!
Oft has he por'd thro' learning's lonely way,
Amidst thy rocks and pathless mountains gray;
Friendless, unknown, by adverse fortune driv'n,
With scarce an aid but this—the light of Heav'n!
'Twas his the depths of Language to unlock,
What every tongue in every clime hath spoke:
A key, the sacred oracles to show,
And angels' tongues to teach to men below.—

Far shone the light, and thaw'd the stony heart;
The nations saw, and, wond'ring, own'd his art.
Thus, with the Prophet, in a dry parch'd land
Th' obedient streams rush'd forth at his command:
Far flow'd the waters thro' the desert wide;—
Israel believ'd, and nations blest their guide.
Full well he knew to weigh the wond'rous whole
Of shining orbs, that on their axles roll—
To trace their circles thro' a pathless road,
Till the proud Atheist, trembling, own'd a GOD!
Alike this world its various parts to scan,
What laws best polish, and what shackle man;
Of every tie that binds the human heart—
The laws of morals, and each noble art;
To wake the numbers of the Muse's lay,
Or deep-ton'd grief, or sportive satire gay.
In Him each gentler passion did contend—
The tender Husband, and the faithful Friend.
Though lofty Science kindly on him smil'd,
Yet modest manners mark'd him for her child.
Long hast thou, Cree, swept thro' thy lakes and woods,
And with the ocean mix'd thy crystal floods;

But long thy swains shall mark the varied year,
Ere such a shepherd on thy banks appear.
And as thy rocks shall be his lasting fame
MURRAY shall live while Scotland boasts a name.

To thee, the mourner, and the Mother fair,
That's lonely left to all a Widow's care,
On his Lov'd Pledges let thy kindness flow,
Till Hope shall triumph o'er remember'd woe.—
Be thine the task to guide their helpless youth,
In all the paths of innocence and truth,
Till classic learning dawn across the mind,
And riper Reason every sense refine:—
Like Him, to claim their country's best regard,
Are the fond wishes of a simple Bard.

VERSES TO A FLY.

FLUTTERING insect of a day,
Gaily you your wings display;
Lightly you traverse your round
O'er the flower-enamell'd ground;
Or buzz beneath the hazle shade,
With primrose pale, and violet spread;
By gushing stream, or dimpling pool,
Where yielding air is soft and cool,
Unmindful of the trout beneath,
That lurks in ambush for your death:
Or subtle spider on the brow,
That weaves the web of fate for you—
Where, lawyer-like, he spreads his gin,
To draw the gay and thoughtless in.
See ye not yon gloomy west,
Where lowering clouds the sky o'ercast?

There distant darkness dims the plain,
Prophetic of approaching rain;
Or chilling blast, with hailstones fraught,
Might murder myriads in a thought,
And dash your being, and your name,
To barren nought, from whence ye came:
Nor leave a mourner to relate,
Or sing a brother's hapless fate.
  Yet still ye wheel, and still ye sing,
On fluttering pleasure's airy wing,
Unconscious of your short-liv'd power,
That stints your being to an hour.
Alas! your sight, so quick and clear,
Views but the objects that are near.
Your convex eye, that's made to view
Each film, and wing, and form, and hue
Of atoms, insects, nicely made,
From eager poring Science hid;
But leaves unnotic'd hills and towers,
And clouds, and skies, and coming showers.
With forethought shorter than your sight,
Fearless ye urge your aerial flight,
As lightly round the dance ye wheel
Of life's fantastic fairy reel.

But when the thread of life is spun,
Your debts are paid, your work is done.
So fares the beauteous, hapless maid,
Tutor'd in flattery's empty shade,
While youthful blossoms paint her form,
She sees not ruin's ruthless storm;
How soon her thread of pleasure's spun,
And ends ere life is well begun!
Some callous wretch, of reptile kind,
Destroys her peace, and taints her mind;
Whose pois'nous tongue's with flattery oil'd,
But leaves her, when her rose is soil'd.
Thus fares the Poet, and his lays,
If Fame—the sun-shine of his days—
Beam brisk, like thee, he'll mount and sing,
On soaring fancy's airy wing;
And *ignis fatuus*-like he'll shine,
While swains for him the laurels twine;
Till critics all his lines dissect,
And damn his works with disrespect.
Adieu, his sanguine hopes are fled;
His name is in oblivion dead.
'Tis thus, if human life we view—
The picture's too severely true;

Tho' arm'd with Reason's piercing eye,
Too oft we ape the silly fly;
Till lawless passions empire claim,
And damn our souls, and blot our fame.

VERSES

ON

A COTTAGE IN RUINS.

HAIL! peace to your mansions, where Ruin has ravag'd—
Your low strawy roof now fallen to decay;
Your thresholds untrod, there the green grass is waving:
Your walls, they are moulder'd, and naked, and gray:—
Thus Time doth dissect, with calm deliberation;—
Enfeebl'd's thy form by each blast that doth blow;
And savage, and sage, the proud prince and the peasant,
And heroes, and empires, like thee, are laid low.

Here sat the fond housewife and parent united,
While Virtue's plain precepts oft flow'd from her tongue;
Now silence reigns round, save the Dee's lonely murmurs,
Or the wail of the night-bird bereft of her young:
The hawthorn blooms gray, and the trees spread their branches;
The primrose has blossom'd—yet nought can avail,
No rustic returns with his song in the evening—
No fond lovers meet now to breathe the soft tale.

Where are the youngsters with gambol and frolic?
In life's early morn, light they trod the flower'd green;
Each sod, seat, and path, the rude plough has defaced,
And nettles and wild weeds luxuriant are seen:
Perhaps, like their cottage, unpitied, unenvied,
They silently sleep the cold green sod below;
Or fetter'd by gain, strive to win the gold anchor,
On fortune's rude tide, thro' a world full of woe.

No more shall the stranger, when wearied and worn,
Find shelter to shield him with comfort or rest;
In thy mansions, though low, have the naked been clothed,
And sooth'd the sunk heart of the lonely distrest.
Here science might shine like the flower in the desert,
And mild meditation her vigils prolong;
Still, such are the scenes where the muse loves to wander,
And weave her lone thoughts in the heart-soothing song.

THE

MORNING INVITATION.

DEAR Chloe, why wast'st thou the moments
That's sweetest for pleasure or health?
Thy senses are seal'd up in slumbers,
While Nature displays all her wealth.

The breath of the morning is gentle,
And spreads with fresh fragrance the dawn;
And soft is the sound of the sea-wave,
That murmurs along on the strand.

The sun is his glories unshrouding,
And paints with soft blushes the sky,
To banish the shades of the morning,
And speak that his presence is nigh.

The mist's from the mountains dispelling;
  Each shepherd has sounded his horn:
The dew has bestudded the blossoms,
  That bloom on the sweet-scented thorn.

Now the trees have resumed their clothing,
  And the small birds they sing on each spray,
As they caroll their notes in the morning,
  To welcome the new coming day.

The fields they are decked with daisies;
  The primroses blow in the glens;
The wild lilies bud forth their blossoms,
  And vi'lets enamel the plains.

O! come then, my lovely, my fairest,
  My every way charming, my queen—
Thy presence improves every landscape,
  And aids with new beauty each scene!

A wreath of the flowers I'll weave thee,
  That's sweetest for flavour and hue;
When finish'd as fancy shall dictate,
  I'll bind round thy polished brow.

On my arm I will gently support thee,
And lead thee o'er mountains and plains;
My pipe I will sound to thee cheerily,
And banish all care with its strains!

The far distant tops of the mountains,
We'll mark while they're tinged with blue;
And trees that o'ershadow the fountains—
While our flocks are a-feeding we'll view.

Thus Nature, in her native graces,
A charm to the mind can impart—
Beyond all the frippery of dresses,
Or all the gay trappings of art.

The great ones may roll in their riches,
False honour, and title may prove—
But they ne'er can yield peace to the bosom,
Like Chloe, true Friendship and Love.

ON

THE DISTANT VIEW

OF A

FRIEND'S HOUSE,

IN DECEMBER.

How chang'd is the aspect of yonder retreat,
Since lately I past by its bowers!
When Summer shone forth, in his full fervid heat;
Now, the keen biting blast of the winter winds beat,
All fledg'd with the chill snowy showers.

The fair flowing stream, as its course it pursues,
Is arrested and chill'd into stone;
And where are the flow'rets that bloom'd on its brows—
Its violets, and snow drops, of delicate hues?
Alas! they are withered and gone.

How dull the dumb cattle, all cringing with cold,
As they gaze at the snow-cover'd heath!
And the poor helpless flocks, that are forc'd from
their fold!
The gathering wreath, in its bosom has roll'd,
And depriv'd half their number of breath.

So chill'd are my prospects, o'ercast with des-
pair,—
So fate doth my fancy arrest;
With sorrow, and sickness, and canker-tooth'd
care,
My tenderest ties, are all vanished to air,
And chill'd the fond hopes of the breast.

The dark sheety clouds, as they're floating on
high,
Their wings o'er the concave extend;
O'er the snow-topped mountains, in order pass
by,
Through their chinks peeps the sun, from a
dull murky sky,
Like the far distant glance of a friend.

As the Sun is the soul of this planet below—
To creation new life doth impart;
So Friendship beams forth on the wretch worn with woe,
Dispels ev'ry doubt, and each fear doth forego—
Beams a new love of life on the heart.

Dear Friendship, sweet solace! thy joys let me prove!—
Thou soother of sorrow and strife—
Thou dearer than riches, thou surer than love—
Thou pledge of each joy that awaits us above—
Thou charmer and pilot through life.

Serene is thy aspect, and modest thy mien,
Content ever bears up thy train;
And sweet smiling Peace, with her olive so green,
And gay rosy Mirth by thy side may be seen;
And Truth ever blesses thy reign.

I've seen thy sweet smiles in yon straw-cover'd cot,
Ere the winter blast thus on it beat;

Thou deign'st oft to visit the cottager's lot,
And cheer the lone haunts of his chequered spot,
But fly'st from the halls of the great.

Thou smooth'st the dull brow of the dark clouded mind,
And sooth'st every pang that is past:
Tho' crosses may wreck us, or poverty pine,
With thee, ev'n the wretched a comfort can find,
When absent, the world is a waste.

THE

DISAPPOINTMENT.

To thee, that ilk wish in my bosom can claim,
Wha aften I think on, but seldom I name,
I send these few lines, wi' a hearty good will—
Tho' in writin' love verses I sair doubt my skill:
Yet tho' the coy muse a drear silence should keep,
The wrongs that I bear, and affection, shall speak.
What stopt ye yestreen, that ye cam nae to see
Your lover sae lonely, that doats upon thee?
The winds were a' laid, an' the ev'nin' was clear;
How sweet was the silence!—but ye cam nae near!

That hour was a time that reflection might suit;
The leaves they lay still, and the birdies were mute;
The gowan was sippin' the saft siller dew;
The brown heather wav'd, wi' its bells red an' blue;
The moon shew'd the sheet o' the clear mountain stream,
That mov'd the lake's bosom to dance to her beam;
But I flew to the spot where the trystin' was set,
To the auld scrogged hawthorn, where aft we had met.
My hopes they were high, but my heart was soon sair—
A hare happet by me—but ye were nae there!
I look'd an' I list'n'd, I humm'd o'er a sang;
The south it grew gloomy, the time it grew lang;
I saw the dim shade o' the cloud passin' by;
The stars seem'd disorder'd, an' shot in the sky;
Loud roar'd the blast drearie, an' bended the woods;
The moon she seem'd fear'd, an' vail'd her in clouds:

Tall trees, lately viein' in stature an' form,
Flung round their arms wildly, an' rav'd in the storm;
The winds an' the waves seem'd wi' nature at war—
But my mind was as restless, an' gloomier far.
The statesman may storm whan his schemes ha'e been cross'd—
The merchant may grieve whan his prospects are lost;
But neither can equal the keen throbbin' smart,
Of hope disappointed that wounds the fond heart:
'Tis mine all to feel, as in silence I moan,
Whilst thou, like a careless spectator, look'st on.
What tho' I be frien'less, an' poorer than you,
My life's nae less leal, an' my love nae less true;
Tho' frien's shou'd deny that you e'er shou'd be mine,
Might nae we whyles yet meet to tauk o' lang syne;
To tell the first spot where our fancy was mov'd;
How fair was your beauty, how dearly I lov'd!
With arms clasp'd aroun' you, my joys would o'erflow,
Whan hid frae this world an' a' its vain show.

How sweet the dark blasts frae your bosom to
shroud!
Love lives in retirement, but dies in the crowd.
Tho' calm-bluided Prudence her sons may di-
rect
To walk wi' decorum, each step circumspect;
They ne'er knew Love's passion, its beams, or its
storms,
That ill can be guided by rules or by forms.
The daisy blooms sweet in its own native plain,
Tho' chill'd by the cauld blast, an' beat by the
rain:
But see, in the garden how short is its day;
It withers in riches, its blossoms decay!
Perhaps ane mair wealthy your bosom has
charm'd,
The glare o' whose gold your young fancy has
warm'd,
An' I left alane here to languish in pain;
While every new day adds a link to the chain.
But where do I wan'er?—I meant but to tell
The simple auld story,—I love you still well;
An' whan that the sun is far fled to the west,
Whan lambs frae their gambols are gane to their
rest,

Shall I hope then to see you, to bless these lone
arms,
While the moon's silent beams shall add grace to
your charms?
O haste then, my love, to the ance valued spot;
The present be ours, an' the past be forgot.

VERSES

ON SEEING

A DOMESTICATED GOAT.

TENANT of the mountain's brow!
  Why thus thy youthful haunts forsake?
With shaggy garb of snowy hue,
  Thou seek'st a shade by wood and brake;
There, thoughtless, crop'st the flow'ry swaird,
With warrior front, and hermit beard.

Thou mind'st no more the rude grey cairn,
  Where awful Silence slumb'ring lies,
Nor dark caves, crown'd with heath and fern,
  That echoed back thy mother's cries.
The scene how wild! yet, oh, how grand!
Who robb'd thee of thy birthright?—Man.

For thee no female trims her hair,
  Nor offspring round thee gambols play;

No rival comes, with threatening air,
  Thy hidden valour to display:
Thy life's unvaried, dull and tame;
Thus bound and shackled stains thy name.

So Liberty, the mountain maid,
  On Scotia's cliffs once tun'd her strains,
Till taught with gems her hair to braid,
  To sing and toy with south'ren swains;
Her free-born spirit soon was broke—
She bows 'neath Luxury's golden yoke.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE THISTLE,

A SONG ON THE FATE OF THE STEWARTS.

PEACE rest in thy dwelling, thou true Son of Song,
That sing'st by the banks of the Cree;
Thou strik'st the bold numbers, thy grey rocks among,
And sweet sound thy harp-strings to me.

Thus lofty and lonely still let thy notes rise,
And tell of the times that are past;
They soothe the lone bosom in secret that sighs,
Like the wild-passing sound of the blast.

I see Caledonia descend in her car,
Thy brows to encircle with bays;
Tho' low lies her crest, like yon dim-setting star,
Her "Thistle" shall live in thy lays.

Ballads and Songs.

BALLADS.

HENRY'S LAMENT.

THE sky was blue, the wind was still,
The black-bird whistl'd from the brake;
The setting Sun's departing beams,
Gleam'd o'er the smooth expanded lake:
The clust'ring trees on distant hills,
Seem'd in its crystal breast to smile;
And fields, in Summer's beauty drest,
Confest the weary plowman's toil.

But Henry's heart was 'prest wi' care,
Though Nature did her charms disclose;
Her mantle, ting'd with various hues,
But served to tantalize his woes.

The soft wave murmur'd to his sighs,
Beside yon leafless fogged tree;
And ay he sigh'd and said " Alas!
" Farewell ye bonny banks of Dee!

" A long farewell, ye happy bowers,
Where Cultivation spreads her wing;
Ye mansions fair and wood-fring'd vale,
Where warbling choirs delight to sing!
'Twas there where first my youthful heart
The hopes and fears of love essay'd;
There first I saw the opening charms
Of thee, Maria, peerless maid!

" Her looks were like the summer morn,
When early sunbeams gild the flower;
Her cheek was like the damask rose,
While bending with the dewy shower.
But all her beauties to define,
Would need the noble Raphael's art;—
But vain to me his living lines,
For deep they're graven on my heart.

" 'Twas her's to feel, while bended Want,
Breath'd out his woes, his cares, and pain;

Her little all was freely lent;
He never told his tale in vain:
But if she read the luckless loves,
Of Palemon and Anna dear,
Which hapless Arion doth unfold;
Fast fell the sympathetic tear.

"Oft have I check'd the glowing flame,
That fondly flutter'd in my breast,
Least friends should frown, or fate deny,
And hurt her wonted peace and rest.
But lovers vain the wish would hide,
For eyes can eloquently speak;
How soon she answered sigh for sigh,
While crimson blushes spread her cheek!

"Each look confest, each touch betray'd,
And soft words dropped from my tongue;
And when she spake, upon the tones
My ravished ear with transport hung.
Sweet was the task for me to teach,
My lovely scholar all my skill;
To touch with art the warbling wire,
Or in that hand to guide the quill.

" But fled, alas, are all my joys!
While mem'ry wrings the heart with pain;
The sweeter joy the keener grief,
Because it ne'er returns again.
A cruel father's ruthless heart,
Forbade us ev'n the last adieu;
And robb'd me of my soul's delight—
Maria's face no more I view.

" What boots his boasted sacred name,
His feigned virtues stern and vain;
He bows at Fashion's tinsell'd shrine,
To empty pride and sordid gain.
Ah, gaudy pomp, and gorgeous wealth,
For what ye take ye ill repay;
Ye steel the heart for selfish ends,
And sweep each social tie away."

WILL AND KATE:

OR,

AN ANSWER TO "LOGAN BRAES."

"THOU maid, that sing'st by Logan stream,
"Wi' plaintive note, an' pensive mien,
"While true affection tunes thy lays,
"For thy ain lad on Logan braes.
"As yon sweet linnet, in the spring,
"Teaches her chirpin' young to sing,
"So thou, wi' thine, may'st con thy waes—
"He'll ne'er see thee, nor Logan braes.

"For, oh! what bosom, without pain,
"Can tell our sad mishaps in Spain?—
"He's faun, wi' Moore, o' deathless praise,
"Far, far frae thee, an' Logan braes.
"Wi' sleepless nights, an' famine, faint,
"Fell numbers urg'd him frae his tent;

" Yet aft he, wheelin', fac'd his faes,
" And thought on thee, an' Logan braes.

" But ere the fatal die was cast,
" I saw him nobly breathe his last.—
" Gae, tak' that ring, he faintly says,
" An' bear't to Kate, on Logan braes.
" The deadly tale her heart will stound——
" But ebbin' life gush'd frae ilk wound:
" His latest accents spoke thy praise,
" And blest his babes on Logan braes."

Ha'e ye no' seen the autumn flower
Bow down its head wi' e'enin' shower,
Till chillin' frost its form bewrays,
And lays it low on Logan braes?
She beat her breast—her han's she wrung;
Her hapless younglin's round her clung;
What pen, alas! cou'd paint her waes?
She's, faintin', fa'en on Logan braes.

But lo! the sodger doft his arms;
Like lightnin', clasp'd her fleetin' charms—
Says, " ope thine eyes, of kindest rays,
" On thy ain lad, on Logan braes."

These accents kind her spirits cheer;
She views her lad wi' joyfu' tear;
Wi' joy they press,—wi' joy they gaze,
An' kiss their babes on Logan braes.

" O, dearest Kate, can ye forgi'e
" The absent years I've been frae thee?"
Then in her lap a purse he lays,
That he'd brought hame to Logan braes.—
Says—" this shall help for what is gane,
" And I'll ne'er leave thee mair thy lane;
" While life-blood in my bosom plays
" I'll stay wi' thee on Logan braes.

" Ilk flutterin' bird mair sweet shall sing;
" Ilk blushin' flower mair sweet shall spring;
" Our bairns shall herd, an' gather slaes
" Aroun' our cot, on Logan braes.
" To each fond haunt we will repair,
" Where I'll tell o'er my deeds o' war;
" While the blythe lambkin round us plays,
" And pipes sound shrill on Logan braes."

SONGS.

THE

TAILOR TRIUMPHANT.

TUNE—"Quaker's Wife."

I'M Tailor Tom, from London come,
With all my cuts and capers;
I've fashions new, of every cue,
Cut out on shreds of papers.
'Tis mighty strange how things will change!
For sure I never dream'd on't,
To stitch or mope in country shop,
Or ever chalk a seam in't.

[*Spoken.*—Well, isn't it a great mark of condescension in a gentleman of my dress, figure, and appearance, to deny myself the pleasure of Stitch Street and Broker Lane, and to be slump't up with a set of clodhoppers (civilly speaking)? But I can assure you, it was merely for the discharge

of my own conscience at seeing your cloth so unfashionably cut, and for a new improvement upon the Ladies'——Tal the dall, lal, &c.]

What would ye think, these hands of mine,
Made drawers for a duchess;
Stitch'd ribbon-stars for dukes so fine,
And brac'd a maid in breeches!
I've set a button on a suit,
To grace a birth-day levee;
And cut for col'nels in the ranks,
And captains in the navy.

[*Spoken.*—Gentlemen and Ladies, you may believe me, London's the place for honour and preferment.—Every man there is measured by his clothing. I've there known a drill-serjeant pass for a captain, a laird for a lord, a curate for a bishop, a French farrier for a graduate;—even I, myself, often for a man-milliner—but we never seem'd to know them in our shop; that is to say, if they pull'd freely, it made them contented, and us to sing,——Tal the dall, lal, &c.

O! London fine, for ladies kind,
Of every rank and station—
For belles and beaux, sure more it shows,
Than any town i' the nation.
'Twas on a night, when drest so tight,
A doxy did salute me;
So kind and free she blink'd on me,
And threw her arms about me.

[*Spoken.*—Faith, and after all, I believe she made more free than welcome, for instead of hugging and squeezing me out of pure kindness, as I imagined, she hugged me out of a whole week's wages, my thimble, shears, and all the rest of my appendages,—leaving me idle, only with a bodkin wanting the point, to sing,——Tal the dall, lal, &c.

THE

HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—"Ewe Bughte, Marion."

WILL ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
And visit our haughs and our glens?
There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's
That lassie i' lowlands ne'er kens.

'Tis true we've few cowslips or roses,
Nae lilies grow wild on the lee;
But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whar they're risin',
Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;
There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

They're the scenes o' my youth, my dear Mary,
Whar wi' solit'ry pleasure I've stray'd;
There my forefathers fought in their glory,
Wi' their chieftains they conquer'd or died.

There the loud roarin' floods they are fallin'
By crags that are furrow'd and grey;
To her young there the eagle is callin',
Or gazin' afar for her prey.

The aik, by his own native fountain,
His arms out at random hath cast;
An' the high towerin' fir on the mountain,
That nods to the sound o' the blast.

Or low by the birks on the burnie,
Whar the goat wi' her younglin's doth rest;
There oft I wou'd lead thee, my Mary,
Whar the blackbird has builded her nest.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
Whan shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet is the low-setting sun-beam,
On the lake's quiv'rin' bosom seen;
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

Thy looks wou'd gar simmer seem sweeter,
An' cheer winter's bare dreary gloom;
With thee ev'ry joy is completer,
While true love around us shou'd bloom.

But, alas! for my cabin it's lowly,
An' few are my flocks and my kye
Yet my bosom to thee beats ay truly,
'Tis what titles or gowd ne'er could buy.

The south'ren, in a' his politeness,
His airs and his grandeur may shine;
Our hills boast o' mair true discreetness,
An' his love is not equal to mine.

JENNY OF THE CREE.

TUNE—"Sae dearly's I love Johnny, O."

YOUNG Jenny blooms the bonniest lass
On a' the crystal banks o' Cree;
On Gall'way braes wha can surpass
Her dimpl'd cheek or downcast e'e?
There's Susy fair wou'd me ensnare,
And blythesome buxom Mennie, O;
But nane I see sae dear to me,
Or wins ilk wish like Jenny, O.
There's Susy fair, &c.

Let wavin' woods spread bank an' brae,
An' heather bells bloom on the hill;
Let lowly flow'rs their blooms display,
She, bonny bud, blooms sweeter still.
The lav'rock sweet his mate may greet,
Wi' wild-notes blythe an' bonny, O;

But whan she sings he draps his wings,
An', list'ning, learns frae Jenny, O.
But whan, &c.

What Fortune's gi'en I'll freely share
Wi' my sweet lass o' lowly state;
E'en for her sake I'll wish it mair,
To mak' her joys the mair complete.
The sordid wretch may grip and scratch,
And hoard his soul, the penny, O;
While in my bower I tent the flower,
The sweet—the lovely Jenny, O.
The sordid wretch, &c.

DONALD'S GRAVE.

SCENE, NEAR GLENCO.

TUNE—"Yellow hair'd Laddie."

WITHIN the dark bosom of yon lonely glen,
There sleeps my young Donald, the flower of his clan,
In death's silent slumbers, where lowly he's laid;
The green sod his target, the cold clay his plaid.

How still lies the heart that to me ay beat true;
And dim now that eye once a love-speaking blue;
Now wither'd those soft lips—the roses are flown,
And clotted those locks of a dark bushy brown.

Last night, when the stars from yon dun sky had fled,
And my red stiffen'd eyes had no more tears to shed,

While the blast thro' the broad oak did howl
round my head,
Like the bursting of sorrow, or songs for the
dead;

When weary with watching, methought he drew
near,
And half of his fair form thro' blood did appear!
Tho' pale was his aspect, his manner was meek,
And his lock'd hollow jaw seem'd to open and
speak!—

"Why mourns my dear Flora along the lone
heath?
Can the warm tears of sorrow retrieve me from
death?
But the tie's ever binding, although we must part,
And love shall find room still within this cold
heart.

"How soft rests the hero who dies for the cause,
Of honour and freedom, his country and laws;

The bard's bursting song his achievements shall save,
And chieftains shall sigh as they stalk by his grave!

"We fear'd not their numbers, that darken'd the plain:
They proffer'd us friendship, their offers were ta'en;
But the cold-blooded monsters no ties could engage—
In slumbers they slew whom they fear'd to enrage!

"But the miscreant minion of treach'rous power,
His fame and false glory shall fall in an hour!
No sweet-sounding requiem his spirit may claim,
And forgetfulness leave but the dregs of a name!

"Then cease thee, my Flora, O! cease thee to weep,
My light passing spirit thou marrest of sleep:
Thrice three months are past since thou should'st been my bride,
But soon shalt thou stretch thee along by my side!"

But lo! I awoke, and the lark was on high;
The sun his gold tresses had spread o'er the sky;
Yet still the dark vision this truth did recal,
That the lovely soon fade, and the mighty must fall!

SONG.

TUNE—"Roving Irishman."

WHILE roving round the banks of Cree,
Seeking a strayed ewe and lamb,
The day was dry, no one was nigh,
The water smooth, the breezes calm.

The flowers sprung wanton by the burn;
Up thro' the glen the mavis sang;
I lean'd me by yon birken bower,
And fear'd no ill from any man.

But by there came a blythesome youth,
That lightly tripp'd along the way;
His locks were like the raven's wing,
His look bespoke a bosom gay.

Soon as he spied me in the shade,
Upon his step he made a stand,

So wilily he look'd at me,
And gently took me by the hand.

Said he, "Fair maid, the sun is high,
I've long wish'd for the cooling shade;—
I hope ye'll not offended be
At this small freedom I have made.

May ill befall his cruel heart
Such blooming beauty could trepan—
Be easy, dear, you need not fear,—
I am no rakish Irishman!"

So sweet his looks—so smooth his tongue—
His graceful form so straight and tall—
He clasp'd my waist, my lips he prest;
Alas! my heart believed all!

From Glasgow town he said he came,
That wealth and beauty doth comman';
'Twas then my ear—too late, I fear—
Perceiv'd the roving Irishman.

My mother wonders why I'm sad:
On May-day last I skipp'd and sang;

My sister says my bloom's decay'd;
I sigh and sab the whole night lang.

The time's gone by he shou'd been here;
My feeble hopes are near a stan':
Ye maids on Cree, be rul'd by me—
Ne'er trust a roving Irishman!

CULLODEN.

TUNE—"O! are ye sleepin', Maggie?"

THE heath-cock craw'd o'er muir an' dale,
Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy,
While must'ring far, wi' distant yell,
The north'ren bands march'd stern an' steady.

CHORUS.—O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
Wi' sword an' targe he seeks the charge,
An' frae his shouther flings the plaidy!

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin';
But rush like tempests on the foe,
Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin',
O! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stewart, frien'less Charlie;
What Highlan' han' its blade wou'd hain,
What Highlan' heart behint wou'd tarry?
O! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
The south'ren trump falls on my ear,
Their banner'd lions proudly streamin'.

Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Within his hand he grasps his brand;
Fierce is the fray, the field is bluidy!

But lang shall Scotlan' rue the day,
She saw her flag sae fiercely flyin';
Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
Her honour lost, her warriors dyin'.

Duncan now nae mair is ready!
Duncan now nae mair is ready!
The brand is fa'en frae out his han',
His bonnet blue lies stain'd and bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
Lang may she wait for his returnin';
The midnight dews fa' on her cheek;
What han' shall dry her tears o' mournin'?
Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

THE BANKS OF DEE.

TUNE—" Roof o' Straw."

THE purple morn o'erspread the sky,
The day-star shew'd his head;
A reverend ruin nodded nigh,
With waters round it spread.
The bird of night had ceas'd her tale,
And, fluttering, fled from me:
As softly sigh'd the morning gale,
Along the banks of Dee.
As softly sigh'd, &c.

The bended lilies lin'd the banks
Around the fishes bed;
And trees in gay and motely ranks,
Slop'd out the flow'ry glade.
The glossy blackbird on the bough,
Sung to his mate with glee;

And join'd the lark, yet wet with dew,
Upon the banks of Dee.
And join'd the lark, &c.

Here rustic labour wets his scythe,
And sets his edge with care;
The humming wild-bee leaves his hive,
To sip the flow'rets fair.
The merry milkmaid gaily sang—
Her bosom light and free;—
While list'ning echoes join'd alang,
The winding banks of Dee.
While list'ning, &c.

Here, too, Dame Nature's handmaid, Art,
Had rear'd her arches grand,
Of bridges rare beyond compare,
On noblest Doric plan.
The shielded mansion half I view'd,
That pleas'd the passing e'e;
And clust'ring villages were strew'd,
Along the banks of Dee.
And clust'ring, &c.

Peace to your scenes my native plains,
  Where plenty ever spreads!
May truth and honour crown your swains,
  And beauty grace your maids!
Let rural mirth and pity's sigh,
  Still in your breasts agree;
And fellow-feeling still be nigh,
  Around the banks of Dee.
    And fellow, &c.

THE WILD WOOD-SIDE.

TUNE—" Ballochmile."

ALONE I walked the wild wood-side,
Where Autumn breath'd her airy breeze;
The silver moon-shine, far and wide,
Beam'd glimm'ring thro' the branching trees.
The burdies now, on leafless bough,
Their carrols gay had laid aside;
Grave silence reigns through woods and plains
With me along the wild wood-side.

Far-roaring Dee burst o'er his rocks,
While distance tun'd his swelling moans,
O'erhung with oak, and ivy'd locks,
Where owls screech'd out their wailing tones.
The fragrant bean was withering seen,
And flow'ry hawthorn's bloom decay'd;
No heavenly dew shall them renew,
Till Spring revive the wild wood-side.

Now sleep her patent spell hath drawn,
And charm'd creation into rest,
Save only thoughtless, hapless man,
Where guilt or love disturbs the breast.
Sweet Peace! descend, be thou my friend,
And white-rob'd Innocence my guide;
And teach me clear my course to steer,
Poor wand'rer, by the wild wood-side.

Ye twinkling stars, that shine afar,
To me unknown's your distant race—
Ye comets on your fiery car,
That wander through the boundless space—
Can Science scan your voice to man,
As through the concave blue ye glide,
And teach such views to vagrant muse,
That wanders by the wild wood-side?

Where now the distant landscape sweet?
Where now the busy haunts of men?
The chill dews o'er the grey grass creep,
The reapers now have left the plain.
With every blast the leaves fall fast,
As down the stream they mournful ride,

Chang'd Nature here looks pale and drear,
With me along the wild wood-side.

Again the lamp of day shall burn;
With harmony the woods shall ring;
The annual wheel of time shall turn,
With all the rosy hues of Spring:
But Man, when laid in lonely bed,
His griefs and joys are laid aside;
He ne'er again shall view the plain,
Or beauties of the wild wood-side.

SONG.

TUNE—"Nae Dominies for me, Laddie."

AGAIN the breeze blaws through the trees;
The flowers bloom by the burn, Willie:
Gay Spring is seen in fairy green—
The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.

The tender buds hang on the woods,
An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair,
She whids alang the lea, Willie:
Thro' dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,
An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When frae thy arms, a' nature's charms,
What pleasure can they gi'e, Willie?
My Spring is past, my sky o'ercast,
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent an' shy, they now gae by,
That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang—
It's a' for lovin' thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart—
That heart nae mair is free, Willie:
Then, O be kind, sin' now it's thine!
I had nae mair to gi'e, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed,
A wealthier bride than me, Willie;
Now, nought can heal the wound I feel,
But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes, and happier days!
By crystal windin' Cree, Willie,
When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
O! wilt thou think on me, Willie?

THE BANKS OF TARF.

TUNE—"Sin' my Uncle's dead," &c.

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,
Wi' siller waves to sa't sea rows;
An' mony a green-wood cluster grows,
An' hare-bells bloomin' bonnie, O.
Below a spreadin' hazle lee,
Fu' snugly hid whar nane cou'd see,
While blinkin' love beam'd frae her e'e,
I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snaw-drap hue,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew;
But O, her e'e, o' azure blue,
Was past expressin' bonnie, O.

Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
That lightly wanton'd wi' the air;
But vain were a' my rhymin' ware
To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
She, whisperin', in my ear did say,
"O how could I survive the day,
Should ye prove false, my Tammie, O?"
"While spangl'd fish glide to the main,
While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I'll ay be true to Annie, O."

The Beltan winds blew loud an' lang,
An' ripplin' rais'd the spray alang;
We cheerfu' sat, an' cheerfu' sang,
The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O.
Tho' sweet is spring, whan young an' gay,
An' blythe the blinks o' summer's day;
I fear nae winter cauld an' blae,
If blest wi' love an' Annie, O.

A LOVE SONG.

TUNE—"My jolly young Sailor dear."

WHAT makes thee thus my hand to press,
With such an ardent fold;
What makes thee stop and sigh and blush,
Ere half thy tale be told?
Why do thy eyes, when fix'd on mine,
Such sweet sensations prove;
Then roll in softness, as they'd weep?—
It surely must be love.

Why does that wanton hand of thine,
Thus wander o'er my breast?
The little trembler that's within,
Thou marrest of its rest.

The silent language of thy sighs,
Me, too, to sigh doth move;
Yet still you press me to your breast,
And say "it's all but love."—

Whene'er you lay your cheek to mine
It makes my pulse to beat;
If lip to lip we e'er entwine,
You clasp me still more strait,
Till in one breath we seem to live,
And in one sphere to move;
Such pleasing pain it seems to give,
It surely must be love.

While thus I lie within your arms—
O tell an artless maid—
Hast thou on me no base designs,
Nor sly entrapments laid?
O, no! that heart is full of truth,
And constant as the dove;
Then I'll resign me to thy arms,
And trust its all but love.

DARK ROLLING DEE.

TUNE—"Banks of the Doon."

DARK rolling Dee, with thy heath cover'd mountains,
Thy wild rugged rocks by yon black birken glen,
That claim'st thy supplies from the cold mossy fountains,
And minglest thy treasures with low-spreading Ken:

Scenes of my youth, where my wishes oft wander,
Where the traces of nature my bosom first warmed;
For low on thy banks, where thy waves sweet meander,
Spreads the low blushing rose that my fancy has charm'd.

How fain would I woo thee, sweet flower, to my bosom,
And sever thy stalk from its first native stole,
Where the kind breath of love should invite thee to blossom,
Though the chill blasts of winter around us should howl.

Beauty might fade in the days of December,
But the noon-tide of friendship around us should beam;
The fervour of youth I would fondly remember,
And shield thy sweet blossoms by Dee's winding stream.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

TUNE—"White Cockade."

O, LASSIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
An' leave thy frien's i' south countrie—
Thy former frien's an' sweethearts a',
An' gang wi' me to Gallowa'?

O Gallowa' braes, they wave wi' broom,
An' heatherbells in bonnie bloom;
There's lordly seats an' livin's braw
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, they wave wi' broom, &c.

The simmer shiel' I'll build for thee
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, they wave wi' broom, &c.

When Autumn waves her flowin' horn,
An' fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine in pearlin's braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
An' lanely langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
Play "A the way to Gallowa',"
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love shou'd drown;
Content shou'd shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

Come, while the blossom's on the broom,
An' heather-bells sae bonny bloom;
Come, let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

THE

GHOST OF CRAZY JANE.

Dark and dismal was the evening;
Hoarse the raven croak'd afar;
Drousy bats flew round in clusters—
Faintly beam'd the evening star.
Round yon mould'ring tower the ivy,
Closely clasp'd, tho' faintly seen;
Highly perch'd the night owl, screeching,
Sung the dirge of Crazy Jane.

Hark, the hollow vaults remurmur'd!
Gusty blasts the turret shake:
Towers did totter on their bases;
Hungry graves did yawning gape:
When lo! a phantom by me glided,
Slowly shifting o'er the green,

Says, " Fear me not, thou tim'rous stranger,
" I'm the Ghost of Crazy Jane !

" Nightly from this grave I wander,
" To my Henry's lonely bed;
" Warding off the evil genius,
" Hov'ring round his lovely head.
" Till that hour when death shall join us,
" Never more to part again;
" When by my side in this lone grave,
" He'll repose with Crazy Jane."

Fled was all that rosy colour,
Once adorn'd her lovely cheek;
Those winning smiles, and dimpling graces,
Those modest looks so softly sweet.
The lily-neck the heaving bosom,
The graceful and majestic mien—
A faded form, and shrouded spectre,
Was all remain'd of Crazy Jean.

Loud the cock sung out the morning,
Mild the sun beam'd out the day;

Quick she started as affrighted!
  Says "Farewell, I must away!"—
Swift she fled on wings of morning,
  Gliding o'er the dewy scene:
But strong imagination painted
  All the woes of Crazy Jane!

THE FAIRY DANCE.

'Twas one even all alone, as the fold I lay tending,
When silence pervaded, and nature was still,
Save the night-raven's whirr, where the broad oak was bending,
Or the voice of the fox, as he howl'd on the hill.
Beneath the gray hawthorn, each care was confounded,
Where fancy presented the whimsical trance,
Of hundreds of elves that me quickly surrounded,
As they skimm'd o'er the moorlands to join the fairy dance.

Small was their form, and their motion was lightly;
Their beavers were white, and their vestments were green;

On their front rode a nymph, on a pied steed, so sightly,
Whose rod and deportment betoken'd their Queen.
Loose flow'd her robes, as they shone like the pole-streams,
That shakes o'er the sky with a quivering glance;
And bright shone her face, like the silvery moon's mild beams,
While thus she address'd them, to join the fairy dance.—

" Come, ye fleet elves, and ye spirits of ether,
Now is the time that our revels we keep,
Brushing the dew from the low-bending heather,
While the dull sons of earth lie involved in sleep.
Minstrels meet, let your music be sounding;
Partners be clasping—in couples advance:
Hence with dull care; let your joys be abounding;
Trip to the moon-beam the gay fairy dance."

Shrill sounds the pipe, still the low glens repeating,
Meet, join'd the harp, with its melody low;

Now airy they wheel, and now lovingly meeting,
As gaily they flit on the light skiffing toe.
High beat my heart—how my fancy was cheered;
Methought that to meet them I forth did advance;
But the melody ceas'd, and the scene disappeared—
So fleeting's our joy, like the gay fairy dance!

SONG.

TUNE—"Will ye walk the woods with me?"

"O WILL ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay,
And sport upon the flow'ry swaird,
My ain dear May?
And sport, &c.

"The sun blinks blythe on yon burn side,
Whar lambkins lightly play,
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain dear May.
The wild bird, &c.

"The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Whar I'll pu' a posy for my May,
O' mony a bonny flower."
Whar I'll pu', &c.

" My father maws ayont the burn,
My mammy spins at hame;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I'd better been my lane.
And should, &c.

" The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await——
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.
When ance, &c.

" The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonny green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
Before that it be e'en."
The sun, &c.

" Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
So love is, in its noon :"
" But cank'ring Time may foil the flow'r,
And spoil its bonny bloom."
But cank'ring, &c.

"O, come then, while the summer
And love is young and gay;
Ere age his with'ring, wint'ry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May.
Ere age, &c.

"For thee I'll tend the fleecy flock
Or haud the halesome plough,
And nightly clasp thee to my breas
And prove ay leal and true."
And nightly, &c

The blush o'erspread her bonny fa
She had nae mair to say,
But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alai
The youthfu', bloomin' May.
But ga'e, &c.

VERSES,

ADDED TO BURNS'S "OVER THE FORTH."

His face like the morn, or the rose newly blown,
His hair like the blackbird that skims o'er the lee;
His person is fine, an' his heart it is kin',
An' sweet is the blink o' his dark rollin' e'e.

But where shall I find ought to figure his mind,
Or equal his valour or true love to me;
But his fortune was hard, an' his frien's broke their word,
That has forc'd him to lea'e his dear baby an' me.

What thoughts did I feel when he bade me fare-weel,
While the grief partin' tear it did start in our e'e;
How my heart it did beat when I view'd the sad fate,
That tore him for ay frae his ain country.

Now day gi'es nae joy but to gaze on my boy,
An' night brings nae comfort but tears to my e'e;
In sorrow I'll mourn, for he ne'er can return;
Far far does he roam frae his baby an' me.

SONG.

TUNE—"Swaggering roaring Willie."

WHAN first I forgather'd wi' Peggy
My Peggy an' I were young;
Sae blythe at the bught i' the gloamin'
My Peggy an' I ha'e sung.
My Peggy an' I ha'e sung,
Till the stars did blink sae hie;
Come weel or come woe to the biggin',
My Peggy was dear to me.

The stately aik stood on the mountain,
An' tower'd o'er the green birken shaw;
Ilk glentin' wee flow'er on the meadow,
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw.
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
When they saw their ain shape i' the Dee;
'Twas there that I courted my Peggy,
Till the kirk it fell foul o' me.

Tho' love it has little to look for
Frae the heart that's wedded to gear;
A wife without house or a haddin'
Gars ane look right blate like an' queer.
Gars ane baith look blate like an' queer,
But queerer when twa turns to three;
Our frien's they ha'e foughten an' flyten,
But Peggy's ay dear to me.

It vex'd me her sighin' an' sabbin',
Now nought anist marriage wou'd do;
An' tho' that our prospects were dreary,
What could I but e'en buckle to?
What cou'd I but e'en buckle to,
An' dight the sa't tear frae her e'e?
The warl's a wearifu' wister;
But Peggy's ay dear to me.

MARY'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"My only jo and deary, O."

Low, low he lies, without a grave,
My only hope, my Harry, O,
Entomb'd within yon briny wave,
Far distant frae his Mary, O!
Trafalgar's shores, where, sadly gay,
Triumphant Victory, in dismay,
Wept o'er her Nelson, cold as clay,
And my last hopes o' Harry, O!

Oft have I o'er the sea-beach stray'd,
With anxious thoughts, and weary, O;
His dangers made me oft afraid,
Till soothing Hope would cheer me, O.
While whirling sea-birds round would cry,
With uncouth notes, alang the sky,
Waken my smiling, sleeping boy,
My only pledge o' Harry, O.

Full soon the busy news arriv'd,
  Of victory an' of Harry, O;
Of pleasing comfort it depriv'd
  His luckless, lonely Mary, O!
His gentle spirit's now at rest;
  But mine, alas! is sore deprest;
No balm shall soothe this troubled breast,
  Till join'd again to Harry, O!

THE TEAR HANG IN HIS E'E.

Tune—"Logan Braes."

O! Pale, pale raise the April morn,
My sodger lad frae me was torn;
Then honour's name was hard to dree;
The parting tear hung in his e'e,
But loud the pealing trumpet sang,
And loud the warlike cymbals clang;
Then honour's fause name ruin'd me,
Altho' the love-tear blin't his e'e.

'Twas no' his locks of amber brown,
His manly limbs in armour bound;
His gracefu' snawie arched brow,
His dimpl'd cheek sae sweet to view,
Nor buddin' lips, that ga'e delight,
Ha'f shieldin' teeth of ivory white;—
But 'twas his glance that ruin'd me—
The lovely language o' his e'e.

Now he has found a foreign grave,
Far, far ayont the roaring wave,
Within yon luckless ravaged land,
Wi' thousands on Corunna's strand.
In fancying sleep, how aft I've seen
His rising grave that grows sae green,
Then starting, wak'd wi' tearfu' e'e!
For O, he's cauld and far frae me.

Nae mare the flowers in wreaths we'll twine,
Wi' which my brows he us'd to bin';
Nae gay attire my breast can ease;
Now, 'las, there's nane I wish to please!
Tho' sair's my heart, I lo'e the pain,
And sweet's the tear that's shed alane—
And dear's the pledge he ga'e to me,
That day the tear hung in his e'e.

THE BANKS OF FLEET.

TUNE—"O'er the Muir amang the Heather."

I SING the bonny banks o' Fleet,
Where Nature spreads her various treasure;
Frae fruits and flow'r of ev'ry hue,
To berries blae, and craps o' heather.
Thy peebl'd shores and sea-girt isles,
Thy far-fam'd woods and views sae mony;
Thy hills and tow'rs where simmer smiles,
Thy strappin' lads and lasses bonny.

Thy winding banks and flow'ry dells,
With bloomin' fields around in order;
Where commerce spreads her flowin' sails,
Auld Card'ness tow'rs o'erlook thy border.
Upon thy banks a borough stands,
Sae feat an' healthy few's completer;
If search thro' Scotia's southern strands,
Nane's shiel'd sae biel' nor shaws aught sweeter.

Carstramon waves his leafy locks,
Amidst the meads where flow'rs are springing;
And shields wi' woods his furrowed rocks,
Where lightsome birds are blythly singing.
The Ruscoe ruins, nodding gray,
Where Gordons gay ance blythely ranted;
And wild woods spreading o'er the brae,
By nature's ruleless han'd been planted.

At distance Cairnsmuir rears his form,
The hoary snaw his haffets wrappin';
His dark brows brave the wintry storm—
A blue-mist bonnet covers his tappin'.
Fain would I sing each noble name,
Where kindness blends wi' wealth her traces;
But deeds surpass the poet's pen,
As native smiles do bourrowed graces.

Farewell ye bonny banks o' Fleet,
Where nature spreads out a' her treasure;
Frae fruits an' flow'rs o' very hue,
To berries blae, and craps o' heather.

ANNANDALE ROBIN.

TUNE—"Woo'd an' married an' a'."

YOUNG ROBIN had been at the market,
And hir'd himsel' wi' Craigfast;
Forbye the wee drap in his noddle,
Had got a' the wages he ask'd.
He, wha had been toun'd out wi' tenants,
Wou'd soon be head man to the laird—
A point at baith shearin' and mawin',
And bigg a' the ricks i' the yard.
It's right ay for lads to live canty,
And lasses, till they get a man;
For fouks to be social and sober;
And ay as content as they can.

The moor-haggs were wide—but he sten'd them,
He staptnae for stick nor for stane;
Till down by the scroggs o' Congailly,
He met bonny Bet a' her lane.

Ae luck on the back o' anither:
He lang wish'd her kindness to seek;
Nae scene could be sweeter for wooin',
What time was he fitter to speak?
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

"Stay still, tell us where ye've been daun'dering,—
For me, I ha'e been at the town;
See sick a braw knowe there forenent us,
Wou'd maist tempt a saint to sit down.
Hech me! but its lang since I saw you,
And vow! ye're grown gaudy and grand;
The chiels will sae pester and plague ye,
For peace sake ye maun tak' a man."
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But Bet looket blate like an' bashfu',
She sigh'd and said naething ava;
Hang her head—row'd a strae roun' her finger,
Gar'd Robin aye closer to draw.
He prest her, he courted, he clapped,
Snapt a kiss, for it weel on was dark;
Whan, to crown a' his hopes in a hurry,
She ha'flins said aye in a hark.
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

Ay lyin' ane's lane soon grows dowie;
Sae Robin thought lang for a spouse;
Fareweel to the freaks o' the market,
The lang wage an' braw gentle house.
The auld fouks were couthy and kin'ly,
The bridal was hurried aff han';
Sae kindly's they cuddled the gither,
But houses, or haddin, or lan'.
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But wha can tell how things may alter,
Or what a ha'f year brings about;
For Robin turn'd dowffer and duller,
As Betty began to speak out.
She cries out for this and for that thing,
Like a bell thro' his lug her tongue twangs;
And ay siken matches she might ha'en,
While he sits as dumb as the tangs.
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Bonny Dundee."

WHERE are the joys that I felt in life's morning?
Where are the moments once pleasing to me?
With fortune's gay graces that flutter'd around me,
Gay as the sun-beam that blinks on the lee:

Why heaves my heart with this high throbbing sorrow?
Why soothing hope from my bosom thus flown;
Why is this visage so pale and dejected,
With eyes overflowin' an' fix'd on the groun?

Is it for Nature, that's naked an' ravag'd,
By rough wintry blasts as they scowl o'er the plain?
The sun will return, with his beams more endearing,
Soon will bring Nature her simmer again.

But what though the fields in their verdure shall
flourish,
With birds sweetly chanting their notes frae the
tree,
They ne'er can revive the lone bosom from mourn-
ing,
Or bring my dear Willie again back to me!

Aft through these groves wi' my Willie I've wan-
der'd;
Simmer was cheerfu', an' Nature was gay:
Now as I wander the night it is eerie;
Dull is the mornin', an' cheerless the day.

Dear is the hawthorn where lastly we parted;
An' dear is the burnie that sings thro' the glen;
But dearer to me is the youth of my bosom,
That's found a far grave o'er the watery main.

Restless I roam, while the tempest is gathering,
On dark floating clouds as they usher the gloom;
Fortune, I fear not thy smiles nor thy frowning,
Nought now can move me on this side the tomb!

THE LOVER'S REVERIE.

TUNE—" Roslin Castle."

THE mind that's unclouded from sorrow and care,
May relish young Spring with the buds of the year,
And Summer yield comfort to those that are free,
Yet they're cheerless and lonely, and lost unto me:
For mine is the empire of sorrow and care,
To be cross'd in affection, corroded with fear;
Since my heart's soothing blossom will yield no relief,
But mocks at my cares and despises my grief.

O! Phœbe, thou'rt fairer than love can unfold,
Thou gayest and dearest, e'er nature did mould;
What beams with thy glances to me can compare?
What mien so engaging, or face half so fair?

Does the chains of reflection e'er trace o'er thy
mind,
Or point to the moments when once you were
kind;
Or can that soft bosom where graces repair
Like the snows in December, be cold and yet
fair

But the titles of honour and dignified birth,
Exalts thee above me, and lessens my worth;
As yon rock which bears diamonds and hangs o'er
the sea,
Is gazed at and longed for, so thou art to me.
But why need I warble my woes thus alane,
Since Phœbe the fairest deserted the plain?—
Yes I'll sigh with the wild blast, and mourn with
the dove,
And I'll soothe me with sorrow for the loss of my
love?

SONG.

By T. C.

TUNE—"Jackson's Cog in the Morning."

O! COME my dear lassie wi' me to the green,
The clover does bud and the daisy is seen—
Remember the promise that ye made yestreen,
To tak' a walk out i' the mornin':
The sun's gouden beams saftly gildeth the morn;
The birds sweetly chantin' their notes frae the thorn:
The dew draps are hingin' sae clear on the corn,
An' sweet smells the flow'rs i' the mornin'.

Yet still there is something that's dearer to me:
The rose o' thy cheek, and the blink o' thy e'e,
Through ilk cross an' care they aye comfort wou'd gi'e,
An' cheer me baith e'enin' an' mornin':

The king wi' his crown, or the duke wi' his star,
May elbow for honour or counsel for war:
Sic cares bring but crosses—I'm happier far
When walkin' wi' you i' the mornin'.

The beauties o' Simmer can please while 'tis May,
Yet, how frail is their form, and how short is their stay?
So youth wi' its blossoms will shortly decay—
E'en thy charms will but last like the mornin':
But wat ye what pleasures the bosom can yield,
When love's saft impression true friendship has seal'd,
Frae the cauld blasts o' fortune 'twou'd ay be a bield,
An' cheer us baith e'enin' an' mornin'?

SONG

ON

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

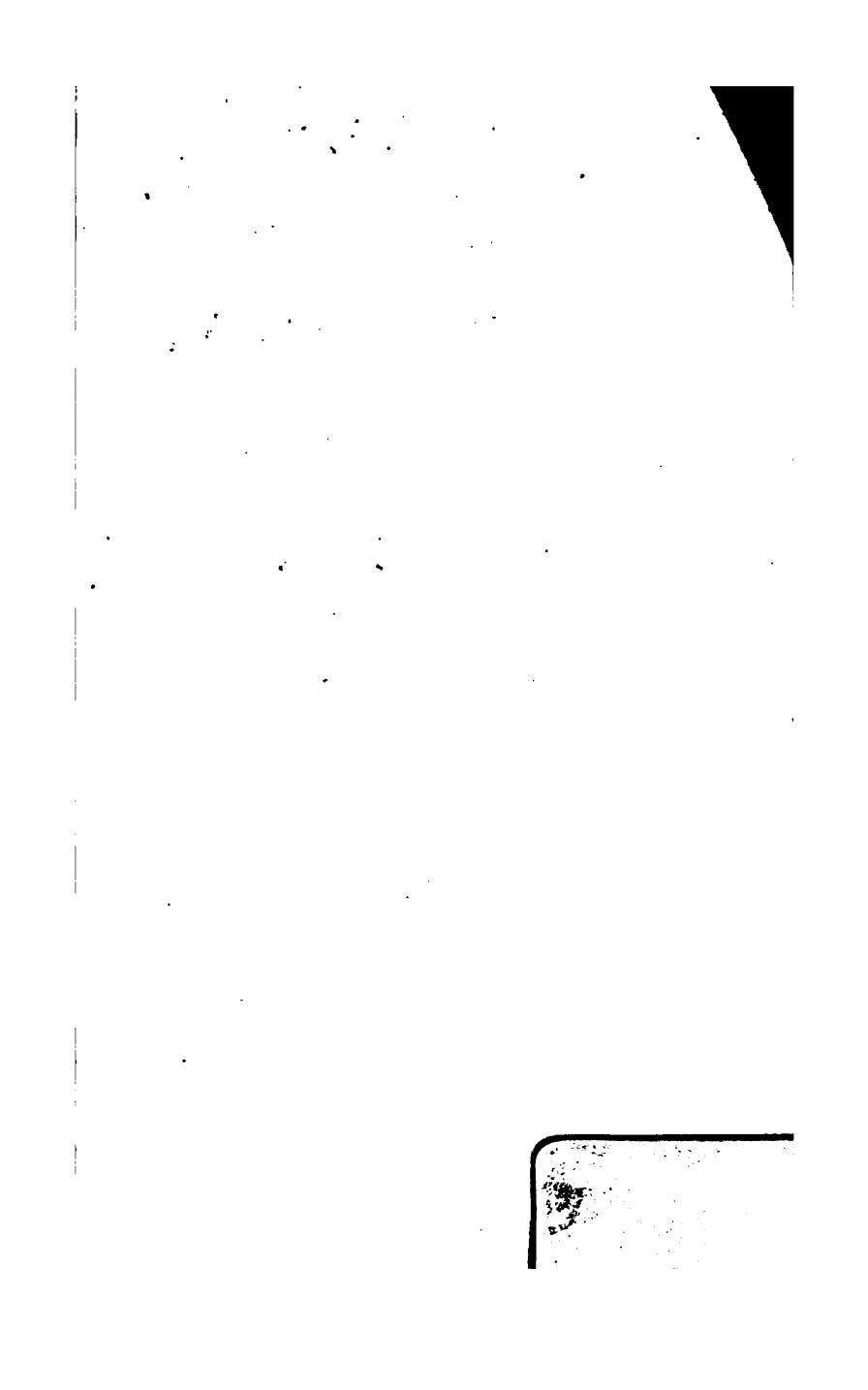
[Suggested by the rejoicings which took place at Edinburgh on Friday the 15th of April 1814, on account of the abdication of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the restoration of the BOURBONS to the throne of France.]

Now blushing Spring, in maiden pride,
From surly Winter wons the day;
Love trims his bow-strings by her side,
And tunes his universal lay.
The birken bush, the balmy dawn
Is sweet and mild, and fair to see;
But dearer far to captive man,
Is Peace, and Health, and Liberty.

Fell war no more shall thin the land
With fiery brand and withering breath;
PEACE waves around her magic wand,
And breaks the instruments of death!

See, where the war-worn soldiers come,
Once more to view their native plains!
With joy they hail their friends—their Home,
And bless the hands that burst their chains!

Let BOURBON lilies lift their head,
And spread their blossoms to the day!
The Red Rose round its odour shed,
And let the harp of ERIN play!
SCOTIA, bring thou thy symbol forth!
What though thy crest's but hamely gear,
The hardy Thistle of the North
Has oft times stemm'd the tide of weir!

Now well may Pride her lesson learn,
And dread a brother's blood to spill;—
And well may all that VOICE discern,
Which bids the sons of men be still?
Yet, tho' the proud, the great, are low,
His eagles fall no more to rise—
We tread not on the vanquish'd foe,
But LEARN by OTHERS to be WISE!

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